

The Round Table.

A Saturday Review of Literature, Society, and Art.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1867.

WHO ARE OUR RULERS?

THE people govern, say some. The majority, say others. Ours is self-government, say another class. Self-government, if it means anything, means that every man governs himself; that he is ruled only from within, not at all from without. The Christian religion in universal practice would be self-government; and it is a reproach to the clergy that at the end of eighteen hundred years of its having been preached, we still need so much of outside government. With all our prating of freedom, men are no more left to govern themselves in this country than elsewhere in Christendom. To judge by our practice, no people require so much and such constant regulation as we do. On every side laws press upon us, laws made and enforced by some outside governing power. We make more laws than are made anywhere else in the world. Our own Legislature, which is only one of thirty-six similar bodies, grinds out nine hundred or a thousand statutes in a session. Congress adds to the mass of fresh law every year to bewilder and to fetter personal action.

The people have little to do with the matter. As was said of the French king in Louis Philippe's time, the people here may reign, they do not govern. Process from the courts and like forms run in the name of the people; so does process in the British courts run in the name of the Queen, who is a very respectable and distinguished woman, with no real power. No one fears the Queen in England; every one fears the ministers of the law, who take her name but take their own way. As little does any one fear our nominal sovereign, the people. Our chief law-makers buy for themselves the right to make laws for the rest of us. A place in the Senate of the United States from this state is said to have cost the elected one a few years ago forty thousand dollars; some say twice as much. What does a senator so chosen owe to the people? They are not his masters. He has bought his freedom. As little are our judges who administer the law restrained by any wholesome fear of the sovereign people. They fear only the managers of nominating conventions, the men who make a business of politics and who are looking, like their neighbors in other occupations, to make profit out of the profession they have chosen.

That there is very great rottenness in our legislation, state and federal, no one doubts. That rottenness exists, and is spreading among the judges, few who look into the matter can doubt. If we leave them as now, dependent for continuance in office, that is dependent for their livelihood, upon the managers of political clubs, we must expect the rot to spread. A most able and experienced judge in this city, held in the highest esteem for his knowledge of law and his integrity in administering it, who is now dead, was humiliated a year or two before his death into carrying favor with a notorious fighting-man and into urging the fighting man's appointment to high office, because his own term of office was about to expire and the fighting-man was powerful at primary meetings. It was weak, nay it was corrupt, in him thus to barter away his certificate of another man's good repute, to which, but for the consideration of benefit to himself, he would not have certified. It was almost as corrupt in him to do this as to give an unrighteous decision for the sake of this man's favor. But he was old and had no means of living save his salary, and the strongest of us may not safely be led into temptation. It is we the people who are chiefly to blame, if we are the governing power, for putting our hired servants in a position of so much temptation. A few years ago a gentleman of this city was appointed receiver of a broken corporation; his commissions amounted to a handsome sum; when the judge who had appointed him came to tax his bill

and to order it paid, he was not ashamed to ask the receiver to pay over to him, the judge, half the commissions. The judge's half would have been over ten thousand dollars. This judge, the fact not being known to many, holds up his head among us as belonging, in the cant of the day, not to the dangerous classes, but to the highly respectable portion of society. Few clergymen, even if the fact were known to them, but would salute respectfully and lovingly this well-clad thief, although they would have scorned the repentant thief on the cross. So gradual and insidious is the corrupting process of frequent elections with our judges that many of them, who know themselves to be beyond the influence of a direct bribe, yet fear to offend or to deny favors to lawyers who are active in political conventions. Pure judges, who are not themselves active politicians, fear their corrupt associates on the bench who are known to be powerful in party management and do things under that fear which they ought not to do. All of them unfortunately have favors to ask of each other in the appointment of sons and nephews and friends as referees, receivers, and so on. The leaven of corruption may be limited in actual extent as yet, but it is working its poison through the judicial loaf very fast.

It was a mistake in the federal Constitution to give the choice of United States senators to the legislatures of the states. It has made a United States senatorship a purchasable commodity. This choice should have been given to the whole people of the state. It was a much worse mistake in our state constitution to subject our judges to short terms of office and frequent re-election.

The dangerous classes of our society are not to be found at the Five Points where the police go to hunt them. The dangerous classes crowd our municipal and legislative halls and sit, some of them, on the bench to judge their fellow-men and to steal the property of their fellows by the safe method of a legal decision. The poor rogues of the Five Points are an open sore; it is easy to guard against the spread of their poison. The rich rogues who buy up legislatures and share the spoils of unrighteous judges are busy at the vitals of the body politic. These are our rulers; an oligarchy of rich and greedy plunderers, some of one party and some of another, ostensibly fighting each other at the polls, but secretly associated in nefarious schemes. No human being is so unscrupulous as a rich man with whom increase of wealth produces not satiety but a sharper appetite. The most pitiable prostitute has a more sympathetic and conscientious nature than he. The power of this class of men is irresistible in nominating conventions, and it is only by getting rid, as far as possible, of these conventions, and giving to the people the power as well of nominating as of choosing their candidates, that we can hope to fight corruption. Until we do this our dangerous classes will continue to rule us. The privilege of voting will become more and more the poor privilege of choosing between one rogue and another.

We as yet see nothing more effective than the plan we have already proposed, to wit: that not the number of the Legislature but the number of voters which shall constitute a sufficient constituency for a member shall be fixed by the constitution. If this be fixed at twenty-five hundred, any twenty-five hundred men may combine to nominate and to ensure the election of a member. No trading with other combinations, no seeking the favor of professional politicians, will be necessary. Every class of the community, every set of men who have common interests or common opinions, can secure their full share of representation, at no cost of money and little cost of labor, and yet every elector shall vote for but one man. The reform of the lower house of the Legislature is the most important part of the task now devolved on the Constitutional Convention. We must, somehow, reform the law-making body, which exercises the highest functions of government and which is now the tool of an oligarchy of rich thieves. There has been much to degrade the state and to make us despair of democratic government during the past few years; but of all that has been said or done, the action of our last Legislature has been most flagrant and most ingeniously calculated to make us contemptible in the eyes of the world.

THE IMPENDING WAR.

PROPHECIES are seductive and analogies are dangerous, but there is little risk in predicting that sooner or later France and Prussia will join issue in a great war and that, as the latter has boldly disregarded the work of 1815, the former will ultimately insist upon its complete demolition. The battle of Sadowa made war between France and Prussia inevitable; the question is only one of time and opportunity. Each party knows this, and Prussia very naturally desires, if fighting there must be, to have it come off at once. With equal regard for her own interest, France prefers to diplomatize, to invite conferences of the great powers, to do anything, in short, which will gain time in order to put her magnificent forces into the most efficient condition. From this point of view the acquiescence of Prussia in the London Peace Congress is a diplomatic triumph for Napoleon. Both parties know that, profess what they may, shift the ostensible cause as they may, temporarily adjust as they may, the sequel to all the protocols, feints, and preliminaries lies in a single word—war.

There was no love lost between the two countries before Prince-Marshal Blucher "came up" at Waterloo; since then their mutual hatred has been cordial, that of the humiliated nation being naturally the most profound. Frenchmen will never forget the bitter severity with which they were treated by the Prussians after the victory of the Allies. The first thing Blucher did when he got into Paris was to undermine the splendid bridge of Jena, which would have certainly been blown up but for the earnest interference of Wellington. He was far more rigorous than the other commanders in exacting requisitions; his forces, indeed, were maintained so much to their own satisfaction that, with a happy stroke of patriotic thrift, they declined to receive the pay due to them by their own state until they returned home. By this characteristic device they lived on the country in good earnest, and left no money behind which they had brought into it. The excesses imputed to the Allies, so far as the imputations were just, were chiefly committed by Prussians. Even Talleyrand and Fouché exonerated the English, and the soldiers of the other powers lagged behind the Prussians in spoliation and rapine.

But these are not the only bitter memories cherished by France of Prussian actions. Blucher was the first to suggest, indeed to insist upon, the removal from Paris and restitution to their original possessors of all those glorious pictures and statues, the art-spoils of twenty years of victory, with which Napoleon had decorated Paris to endow her with the proud distinction of being the art-centre of the world. It has been well said that the French might have forgiven the British general the battle of Waterloo and the taking of Paris, but the removal of these treasures, to which they attached so much consequence as marking at once their long train of conquests and determining the rank of their capital in its relation to the arts, they never can and never will pardon. Wellington managed to defer the settlement of the delicate question, and Louis XVIII., whatever may have been his sense of the justice of what was required of him, allowed his ministers to evade as long as possible a restitution so humiliating to the national pride. The Prussian pictures happened to be about the worst of the collection, but this did not deter their owners from being the first, as they were the most pertinacious sticklers for their return. This, we repeat, the French have never pardoned and never will. They are a peculiar people, and will forget and forgive all the amercements of their triumphant foes, heavy burdens for years as they were upon their commerce and agriculture, before they will excuse the deportation of the Corinthian Horses or that of the Venus de Medicis.

Luxembourg is a mere trifle, a pretext, in this matter, and a dozen as plausible could be found upon occasion between Alsace and Cambray. But that the exigencies of the French Emperor's situation will justify his recession to a more favorable opportunity seems doubtful. His people are in an ominously sensitive condition and much more friction will produce an internal explosion. War with Prussia would be highly popular for various reasons, some of

which we have traced. We differ from current opinion, as we have said before, in believing that, in the event of a conflict, Prussia will have the worst of it. The Prussians themselves think that with immediate war they would be in Paris in three months. We think an easily imagined contrary result would be much more probable. The Prussians were in Paris once before, it is true, but they did not go there alone and alone they would not long have stayed there. Their recent success has been too dizzily sudden and their elation is at present a shade too pronounced. American sympathy, in general, we should say will be impartially withheld from either combatant; although it is certainly true that the implicit tribute to our national vanity conveyed by the somewhat hasty departure of Napoleon III. from Mexico rather inclines us at the moment to regard him with cordiality and approbation. We are, at all events, more convinced than ever of his discernment, and this enhances our faith in his success in the impending war.

BORES.

THE barbaric aggressions of bores constitute the one form of persecution against which neither the tolerant spirit of the age nor the adroit prevision of legislative enactments afford any protection. Everybody complains of bores, and the question naturally arises how it happens that an evil so universally felt has not been in some way provided against. The answer is a melancholy but demonstrable one. What is one man's bore is another man's solace, and perhaps even his amusement. Temperament, education, and experience are so various that it is sometimes difficult to foretell whether the society of a given individual will be highly agreeable to another or offensively the reverse. This is true of jokes as well as of people, and the audience at a theatre furnishes a very pat illustration. A player gives utterance to what is meant for a witticism and straightway the galleries are convulsed with laughter, and so is, perhaps, a portion of the boxes; but if you look carefully you will see a certain number of faces fixed in immovable gravity. The unhappy owners of these faces are bored. To them the jest is very dreary, flat, and pointless; they would plainly have preferred not to have heard it, and the mirth of their more easily pleased companions is in itself distasteful to them. It is clear from this that no system of protection against bores could readily be devised. More than half the audience would resent the protection of the minority as a positive curtailment of their own gratification. Thus the few must be pestered that the many may be pleased; and the rule is applicable to individuals as well as to masses. There are men who are what may be termed the Merry Andrews of society; whom most of their acquaintance will assure you are so exuberantly funny as to be quite irresistible; you see them and find them to be unmitigated and cruel bores; you feel disappointed in the face of your experience, and your chagrin is, perhaps, partly visible; the funny men see this and caricature you to their heart's content by way of revenge. Thus you are not only bored but punished for not liking it, and the keenness of your perception subjects you to unkind criticism than would its bluntness.

The amount of torture which is inflicted upon sensitive souls by bores passes all calculation, and the worst of it is that, turn where we will, we can find no remedy. No Mr. Bergh writes admonitory letters to restrain, to expostulate, or to affix a stigma. No clergymen launch forth their condemnations from the pulpit. No newspapers endeavor to curb an evil from which, however, their editors are pre-eminent sufferers. Society at large pampers and protects the bores, and consequently the wretched beings have it all their own way. An instinctive consciousness that there is something democratic in boring people, and conversely something unjustifiably exclusive and captious in objecting to it, lies, no doubt, at the root of the matter; and the regular elevation of so many bores to office is a strong argument in support of the theory. Still it cannot be doubted that large numbers of bores are substantially unconscious ones. Were it otherwise the army would be sensibly diminished. If men really appreciated the selfishness and folly of taking up the time and attention of others

upon whom they have no just claim and with whom they are not intellectually in sympathy, it cannot be but that there is enough average good nature and sense of justice in their hearts to prompt them to desist. Assuming this postulate to be sound, it is worth while to endeavor gently to persuade people to examine themselves with earnestness to see whether they are not, after all, bores, and, in that case, to pave the way to their amendment. It is a very sad thing, no doubt, to be a bore; but it is much worse to be a cheat, a coward, or a murderer. If we start from the broad ground that none have the right to distract the brains, try the patience, and so spoil the tempers of others, we arrive at the conclusion that no one has the right, if he can help it, to be a bore. Some, indeed, cannot help it, but the majority can; and it is, therefore, a common duty for each one to strive to get at the fact, so far as his own case is concerned, with a view to labor for the diminution of the aggregate of bores in his own person.

The practical shape in which boring does so much mischief is that of consuming valuable time which is the property of others by idle, needless, frivolous, and commonplace conversation. There is scarcely any phase of stupidity more frequent than that which leads people to assume that because they have no use for their time others have none. This may truly be indulged in without malevolence, but there are those who deliberately rely on the amiability, the delicacy and forbearance of their victims to spare them from the unpleasant rebuffs which are richly deserved. Now, it is proper to suppose, especially in a community like this, that in business hours every man has something better to do than to fritter away time in aimless babble. It is particularly reasonable in the case of people whose attention is known to be greatly engrossed by details to refrain from this species of boring which becomes, with irritable and nervous people, sometimes almost maddening. Nine times out of ten the object of interview with such persons could be better attained through the pen than the tongue. To insist upon employing the latter is also open to the further grave objection that those who would wish to be scrupulously truthful and conscientious are driven in pure desperation to the practice of deceit by causing their presence to be denied to those who have established their character as bores; and this again does harm by often preventing sensible people who really have something to say from getting the opportunity to say it.

Bores always take something out of one. It may be difficult with scientific precision to say what, but that they take something is indisputable. Who has not felt a load suddenly lifted off his heart, generally accompanied by a long sigh of relief and followed by a strange sensation of lassitude, after the departure of an expert bore? He has carried something away from you which you cannot estimate, or define, or even name, but which you are positively certain has left you fainter, weaker, and less elastic than you were before. It is not always because he has made you talk; for a reading bore—the kind which pulls out or takes up a book or a newspaper and insists, incarnate fiend that he is, on reading long passages aloud to you—will produce much the same effect. It is not produced by any physical exertion on your part, but is a spiritual or psychological abstraction which can be felt but not explained. Perhaps the variety who produces this exhausting phenomenon in the most striking degree is the loquacious and incoherent bore. Your spasmodic efforts to pretend that you are interested and that you trace some meaning and cohesion in his insensate gabble probably constitute the most fatiguing process to which it is in the power of bores to subject you. The bore who insists upon having a categorical statement of your views on a given subject is trying enough, but less so than the former, for the reason that he does not impose such fearful mental dislocations. The cheerful and enthusiastic bore, who roars with laughter at nothing and seeks to establish a social reputation by parading high spirits upon insufficient premises, is of a potential kind; and where he unites with this proclivity great force of lungs and a general disinclination to hear any one else talk, he is very effective indeed. His opposite—the bore who fears you are having too easy a time of it, that your path is too thickly strewn with sunshine and flowers,

and that it is incumbent upon him to cast as many shadows on it in a given time as possible—is another variety which is almost equally fascinating.

But to enumerate the catalogue of bores is a tedious and unprofitable task; indeed, the attempt is a bore in itself; and although he who drives fat horses need not of necessity himself be fat, there is a transitory danger in his driving them too long. For inscrutable reasons bores are permitted to exist; and it is perhaps most dutiful and brotherly to accept them as we do mosquitoes, whose useful purposes none can see but which all are called upon to acknowledge, rather than by ceaseless grumbling to chafe and wear out our spirits. Bores are not the only things whose *raison d'être* is at present beyond our ken; and they may prove after all to have been the checks and stops of the social machine, without which it would have run on to destruction or crumbled into chaos. We should remember besides this that, intellectually speaking, there are probably beings to whom the brightest souls that ever enlivened the earth would be unmitigated bores. Even Sydney Smith and Brinsley Sheridan might be bores to higher intelligences, and such a reflection should inculcate modesty and teach us to possess our souls with patience.

OUR CITY RAILWAYS.

A GREAT cry has gone up to the Legislature and has been echoed almost every day by the public press for cheap and rapid travel between the extremities of Manhattan island. The Legislature treats it with contempt and adjourns. A hundred thousand persons living in the upper portion of the city and having business down town, besides thousands entering or leaving New York from or to the east, north, or west, by the New Haven, Harlem, or Hudson River cars, daily suffer delay and inconvenience from the slow, disjointed, and unpleasant methods of getting from Harlem river to the Battery.

One can ride forty miles in the country, be warm and comfortable, with an easy, cushioned seat, and his face to the front, in the same time which it takes to ride eight miles in the metropolis of the Union, jolting, crowding, freezing or sweltering, and breathing impure air. The passengers on city railroads are counted by thousands where those on country roads are counted by hundreds, yet with this enormous surplus the city cars receive nearly or quite the same rate per mile for each passenger. The charge by steam cars is about two cents per mile for each first-class passenger. The passengers on the city cars do not ride on an average more than three miles each, which is also two cents per mile. At present the steam roads give country travellers an advantage in the city by bringing them rapidly as far as the vicinity of Fortieth Street; but they will soon be required to stop at Harlem river.

We are then left entirely to the tender mercies of horse railroads. But the Legislature, instead of providing for this nine miles of travel between the two ends of New York, gives us more horse railroads, for which nobody asks, to be built on chaotic plans and with eccentric and incomprehensible routes. Let us look into the subject of horse railroads and discover, if possible, whether this course is probably taken for the benefit of a few speculators or for that of the great public.

Our city railroads make annual reports to the state engineer which are chiefly remarkable for the skill with which the profits are concealed. These reports are, however, the only records that can be consulted. Take the report of the Third Avenue Railroad. This road is the chief means of communication between Harlem river and the lower part of the city, and for other reasons it may be fairly chosen as an illustration of the system of horse railroads. It does the most business of any in the country; it has more cars and carries its patrons at a greater speed and at cheaper rates, in proportion to the distance, than any other. Its cars run night and day and are almost always on time. It has made more money than any other road and has, therefore, the means of furnishing better accommodations than any other. It was built in 1854. It has a straight route through the main artery of the city for eight miles. It runs one hundred and eighty cars at intervals, during some portions of the day, of a minute, and at the rate of six miles per hour, or the trip of sixteen miles in three hours. It charges 7 cents for passengers passing the depot at Sixty-fifth Street and 6 cents for others, which is a cent for the revenue tax in addition to the rate allowed by law. The man who rides eight miles pays but 7 cents; the man who rides a block pays 6 cents. The capital stock of the Third Avenue Railroad is \$1,170,000; but the cost of its

track, buildings, horses, cars, land, etc., has been about \$1,200,000.

By the reports to the state engineer it appears that for the five years ending with 1865 the expense of maintaining and operating the Third Avenue Railroad had been \$2,933,000, while the total earnings had been \$3,714,000, giving as the amount of earnings over expenses for five years \$781,000. Out of this a dividend was declared each year, except 1865, of \$140,400, or twelve per cent. In 1865 it was nine per cent., with a surplus fund of nearly \$40,000. In 1866, by a published abstract of the state engineer's report, the total receipts were \$1,237,000 and the running expenses \$837,000, giving as the amount of receipts over expenses \$400,000. Only the usual dividend, however, of \$140,400, or twelve per cent., was declared, with \$56,000 remaining as a surplus fund. If this surplus had been divided, the dividend might have been made seventeen per cent. The difference between seven per cent. and seventeen per cent. would have paid the running expenses of the Ninth Avenue Railroad for 1865 three times over. In 1866, the Third Avenue cars ran four millions of miles. The number of ciphers in the amount is suspicious, for the report of 1865 gives the number of miles run as exactly three millions, and the increase of passengers has not been in the same ratio. The number of passengers carried was twenty millions. By the report of 1865, each Third Avenue car averaged ninety passengers per trip, and by the report of 1866, 250,000 trips were run with an average of eighty passengers per trip, or forty each way. A car seats not forty, but twenty-two persons. The kind-hearted public sympathizes with the Third Avenue directors when they complain that all the people want to ride down-town at the same time in the morning and up-town at the same time at night, so that they have to run their cars all the time empty one way. For the public reads stories and political speeches and never looks at so dry a document as the state engineer's report; the more especially as that report is carefully restrained from immediate publication and too extensive circulation. The public, therefore, is never informed that the average number of passengers carried each way on every Third Avenue car, day and night, the year round, is forty, while the number of seats is twenty-two. It would furthermore appear that if the cars are partly empty one way, then the persons who, according to this calculation, would occupy those seats are also obliged to stand. At six o'clock at night, or thereabouts, about twenty thousand people are anxious to come up-town on the east side of the city at the same time and there are only the Second and Third Avenue railroads to accommodate them. The consequence is a very disagreeable crowding. There are generally as many as seventy or seventy-five persons on a Third Avenue car at that time, and throughout the trip people are getting on and off, making the number carried nearer to one hundred. But it also happens that about the same time in the evening a great number of people are coming down from up-town to evening entertainments, and that even some of these have to stand.

The ordinance regulating the rates of fare of hackney coaches fixes the price to Harlem and returning, with the privilege of remaining three hours, for one or more passengers, at \$5. The hack has two horses like a car, and if it is lighter it has to go over the inequalities of the streets instead of along the smooth and level track. The owner has to wait for his job, and sometimes may not earn more than \$2 or \$3 for the day. For the same trip the Third Avenue car earns, on the average, at 6½ cents per passenger, \$5 for each trip, or 62½ cents per mile and returning. The car runs continuously, and there is no waiting three hours for a passenger to return. The average receipts for the trip in 1865, when the company did not earn so much as last year, was \$5 75. This is considerably less per mile, however, than some other of the city railroads earn. The Fourth Avenue Railroad in 1865 earned \$1 per mile and returning. The man who should get a contract to run one hundred and fifty hacks night and day, or even one hack night and day, to Harlem, eight trips in twenty-four hours, at \$5 per trip, or, better still, for \$1 per mile and returning, would soon retire on his profits. A car running eight trips a day earns \$40. Of this \$8 48 would be paid to the conductors and drivers, and the company keeps \$31 52 for the expenses of the car, horses, and buildings, for salaries, and especially for dividends. What proportion of the profits are probably dividends?

Now, this exhibit is from a report which gives no adequate idea of the profits of the road. During its operation, for instance, the stockholders, in addition to their dividends, have had the pleasure of dividing a very considerable amount of stock among themselves, which fact would never be suspected from any report to the state engineer. As a private speculation it is evident that the Third Avenue Railroad is a good investment; and from

this statement of its profits the reader may form some idea of the inducements which might be offered to legislators to authorize other similar roads. Looking at this road, however, as a chartered public convenience, people sometimes grumble about it. But generally they are very mild and inoffensive. They do not like to hurt anybody's feelings. They know that they get their ride very cheap; that it is almost impossible to run more than a car per minute; and particularly that if there is anything they do not like they are at perfect liberty—in their own language—to lump it, whatever that may be. They know that the poor Second Avenue road, which scarcely pays its expenses, did not obtain the right to run to Chambers Street and tap some of the travel of the Third Avenue for the reason that one road had more money to expend to defeat a public convenience than the other had to carry it; and they hope that they may possibly have a steam railroad to Harlem river one of these days.

This lamb-like public, with its backbone weakened by hanging to straps, sets its feet into the odorous straw which is placed on the floor of the Third Avenue cars twenty millions of times, as we have seen, during the year. This represents about twenty-eight thousand people riding twice a day every day of the year. Yet, such are the curiosities of legislation and so peculiar is the distribution of power under our present system, and such are the liabilities and responsibilities of corporate bodies in this city and generally, no doubt, throughout the country, that if these twenty-eight thousand persons, paying to the company about \$3,400 per day, and riding on the cars twice a day the year round, should desire a certain thing done for their accommodation and comfort, and five or seven gentlemen, as, for instance, the Messrs. Rensen, Hart, Wilson G. Hunt, Maltby G. Lane, William A. Darling, should not desire it done, the twenty-eight thousand might grumble, threaten, suffer, and writhe for the want of its doing, and the seven gentlemen would look on benignantly from private carriages and smile at their hard words and tortures.

We read that a high-spirited people once existed on this continent who refused to pay a tax unjustly levied; who threw overboard a cargo of tea thus taxed in Boston harbor; and who finally went to war and cast off allegiance to a great power. That kingdom which ruled the waves and on which the sun never went down was weaker than a railroad corporation. The arts of tyranny have assumed subtler forms since then. Look at one item of railroad finance. A cent per passenger is charged on our railroads for the revenue tax instead of the three per cent. on the dollar which they have to pay. By this simple transaction the Third Avenue Railroad (assuming that but few tickets at the just price are sold) takes from the public \$170,000. Instead of paying its tax to the government out of its own profits, it not only takes its tax from the public, but \$170,000 besides, which \$170,000 goes into the pockets of private individuals. The law of Congress allowing the railroads to charge an extra cent goes out of operation some time in April, but will probably be re-enacted. The companies charged the extra cent previous to the passage of the law, and may just as well charge it after the law goes out of operation—the law being simply a matter of convenience. Editors write about the illegalities practised by railroad companies. The directors smile at such articles with a benign inner consciousness that they can procure the passage of nearly any act they like, legalizing whatever they may wish to do, at the City Hall or at Albany and, perhaps, at Washington for half of that \$170,000. But few people care for an extra cent or two every day; and if they are wearied by standing and annoyed by crowds, they abuse each other and the conductors, and are exceedingly gratified if the owners of the road condescend to bow to them. The Common Council has ordinances requiring a license of \$50 for each car run by any company in the city. In the case of the Third Avenue Company, the license would be \$9,000—not much for it to pay; it spent nearly as much in 1865 for premium on pennies and discount on money. But the Third Avenue prefers to keep it rather than pay it; so it keeps it. Little good it will ever do the public, whether paid to the city or kept by the company, and it is immaterial which has it.

A man getting on a Third Avenue car, unless he be one of the twenty-two who at the extreme end of the route burst into it and fill the seats in a twinkling, is nearly certain to be obliged to stand between 6 and 10 A. M. going down town and between 4 and 11 P. M. going up (with sometimes a lull at 7 and 8), any time of the year. On Sundays, from March till November, if he desires to go up town to Yorkville, Harlem, Central Park, or Westchester county, or to return from those places in the afternoon, he must stand. Since the excise law has been in force, the Sunday travel to Westchester county is enor-

mous, glutting both the Second and Third Avenues. If there is skating at the Central Park in the winter, or a concert on Saturday or Wednesday afternoon in the summer, or a picnic at Jones's Wood or in Westchester county or at any of the numerous gardens at the edge of the city, or races at Jerome Park, he must stand both going and returning. If there is a snow-storm, only half the number of cars are run and the crowd is frightful; the average number for a trip during all day being nearly one hundred each way. During the strike last summer the papers stated that a conductor returned two hundred and twenty-five fares from a trip from Sixty-fifth Street to the City Hall and back. In the latter part of the afternoon during the snow-storms last winter of course not one half could ride who desired. Women with baskets and babies, and disabled men, stood on the corners vainly beckoning the cars running past all the swifter; and persons who were able to spring on while they were in motion crowded them to excess. "I run a mail train," said a conductor, hilariously; "no women allowed on board."

The inconvenience of this crowding of cars is one of the things which can better be imagined than described, and which can be best realized by experience. It may be experienced on nearly any city route at certain times of the day. We have taken the Third Avenue road as an example not because it is the worst conducted, but because it is the most important and, in some respects, the best conducted of the city railroads.

But the public not only submits to the calm contempt with which the Legislature treats its demand for a steam railroad, but also submits to these inconveniences from the horse railroads; paying its taxes to the state and its fares to the corporations without a murmur. It deserves precisely the treatment it receives. The politicians buy up its votes on speculation, and sell the rights supposed to be represented by those votes at a very heavy advance on the cost. Therefore, a project which will profit twenty or thirty individuals has a chance of success; but one intended merely for the accommodation of a constituency of one or two hundred thousand people is not likely to receive the slightest consideration.

Who, then, is to answer the question why a great steam railroad might not be constructed on as comprehensive and systematic a plan and with as clear a view of the future needs of the metropolis as a great park? The thought takes the breath away. If such a road were built the travel between the extremities of the island would treble in five years. Why might it not be safe, cheap, swift, pleasant, sufficient, and well-ordered; and, finally, why might it not be operated solely for the public good?

THROWING STONES.

EXCEPT Mr. Seward's adoption of McCrackenization as a means of maintaining discipline in his diplomatic corps, nothing that has happened for a long time has been so much to the taste of the small wits as the prolonged newspaper war-dance between "H. G." and "T. W." During the entire contest the newspapers of both followed the example of rural journals of the Eaton-swill type so far as to employ language that might do service in a controversy between *The Acheron Advertiser* and *The Tartarus Times*, and in his final paragraph "H. G." was impelled to fill several lines with hard words before he could bring himself to say, "I propose to have no further controversy,"—which, by the way, is hardly so final or so satisfactory as it might be, because "T. W." may decline the proposal and renew hostilities. It is difficult to understand how a pair of septuagenarians that have been familiar for half a century or so with newspaper squabbles and know just how much satisfaction usually comes of them, could allow themselves to get involved in such a complication. They might, if they pleased, be *bites noires* to one another and avail themselves of all opportunities to do each other an injury, but they ought to have learned long ago that in this kind of fight, while each has only a possible chance of hurting his opponent, he is absolutely certain to be injured himself. "H. G." it is true, may have been fully assured in his own mind that by no possibility could "T. W." prove him to be a scoundrel; but then a great many people were quite sure to think that "T. W." had done so conclusively, which, so far as "H. G." is concerned, comes to the same thing.

There are very few subjects in which a general theoretical wisdom so coexists with a no less general practical folly as in this matter of throwing stones. Most people know well enough that in some respect or other they live in glass houses, but they cannot for their lives resist an adroitly offered provocation to commence a stone-throwing match. It is a very strong point in favor of the development theory that even tolerably wise men can be taunted into answering with showers of cocoanuts

the people below them who pelt them with stones, knowing quite well all the while, if they would only take time to think about it, the oneness of the whole affair. Of course, in cases of this kind, one of the parties shows anything but folly. It would be a long lifework to write the histories of the sharp people who have made their fortunes by engaging greater ones than themselves in throwing stones at them. The Autocrat states the principle clearly in his hydrostatic paradox of controversy. "You know," he says, "that, if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was of the size of a pipe-stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand at the same height in the one as in the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way,—and the fools know it." There are more people than is popularly supposed who prove themselves in this matter to be anything but fools, and show their practical appreciation of this essential fact by quietly enduring any amount of persecution, and submitting to be mangled with the fortitude of the Spartan boy who hid a stolen wolf under his cloak, rather than be tempted from their stronghold of silence. Such is the natural refuge of conservatism; and conservatives, who are generally astute enough, know that their surest way to hold their ground is to decline battle and take the pelting with the best grace possible. A very fine instance of this kind of wisdom was afforded the other day by the president of the Camden and Amboy railroad company, who was, we are told, inveighing bitterly against *The North American Review's* exposure of the practices of that corporation but, to a question whether he would not prepare an official denial, made answer that it had been their uniform policy to take no notice of attacks, to rely on the public assurance of their integrity, and—continue to do as they had been doing before. Poor Dean Alford would be a happier and more complacent man than we suppose he is to-day if he had been wise enough to take quietly the chastisement he deserved for his original folly in demonstrating the dangers of a little learning, instead of trying with his popgun to defend his glass house against people who shot with ballistæ. Unfortunately for society, most of the people who, in their aversion to throwing stones, give token of superior wisdom in their generation, are as a class just those whose fortitude and constancy is to the misfortune of the public. If rogues were only addicted to falling out and ventilating reciprocal griefs through the newspapers, there would be a fair prospect of the suppression of robbery. But the rogues exercise as much prudent self-restraint in the matter as the augurs who used on a like principle to resist the temptation to laugh when they met each other. All branches of knavery require more or less exact knowledge of the expediences of stone-throwing, but in none is it gaining greater perfection than in our local politics. *The Albany Evening Journal* the other day probably did not at all over-estimate the distaste of the politicians for wholesale revelations when it deprecated exposure of the lobby corruptions in the following terms—*which, we may add, afford a fine example not less of the great American virtue of loyalty to party than of the kind of proficiency in the grand style usually attained by political editors:*

"We have no apprehensions from the style of warfare now threatened. Before our Democratic contemporaries begin their stone-throwing enterprises, it may be well for them to remember that the virtuous edifices in which they dwell are exceedingly friable."

We must not be understood as arguing that a monopoly of the virtue of discreet reticence is vested in people who practice it for indefensible ends. Nobody, for instance, could have shown better by their daily lives that they knew speech was silver and silence golden than Socrates and Mr. Caudle, and Socrates and Mr. Caudle were quite right in doing as they did. That Solomon would have acted in like manner may fairly be inferred by his admirable comparison of a contentious woman to a continual dropping on a very rainy day. At the same time instances of such prudence are the exception. People will yield to the temptation to throw stones or not according, a phrenologist would say, as combativeness or caution preponderates in their mental organization, and in honest people who have no special motive for caution or secretiveness combativeness is likely to be the stronger. Such good, simple-minded, choleric folk a dexterous stone-thrower will have no more difficulty in irritating into action than a matadore has in luring a bull to his ruin by judicious use of his red cloth. He can, if he please, force them to quarrel by precisely the degrees Touchstone enumerates: "The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that

too with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *If*." In fact, it is by his aid that not a few in whom the lack of caution is not accompanied by the possession of valor are forced to emerge, with more or less humiliation and consumption of humble pie, from the conflict they accepted with imprudent willingness. But sometimes, to the general delight, an habitual stone-thrower will find himself engaged with a Tartar and as ignobly put to rout by his own weapons as the matrons of Billingsgate on whom Theodore Hook, or whoever it was, brought to bear the treasures of his mathematical, logical, and metaphysical vocabularies. There is no absolute certainty against a reverse of this kind. Even Shylock failed notably. The adroitest assailant is liable at times to find his match when he had vaingloriously reckoned on unopposed victory; the stones he throws most fiercely may return like boomerangs upon him, his enemy may find weak spots where he thought his harness sure, or may himself be clad in unexpected armor of proof. In fine, stone-throwing at its best is a sport in which one is likely to go forth to shear and come back shorn.

The habit no doubt is a very foolish and very unprofitable one. It is one, nevertheless, to which men, whether they live in glass houses or not, have been addicted from time immemorial, and which they are unlikely to abjure so long as they are men. To be sure, there are cases in which temporary benefit may be had from stoning people by whom it is desirable to be stoned in return, but in the long run it will be found that, like gambling, all such reliances are delusive and fatal. The only class, so far as we are aware, who have attempted to make the habit respectable are the people who throw stones on high moral grounds and with the most edifying demonstrations of pious animosity. These ornaments of their profession would do well to ponder the example of the very orthodox gentlemen whose holy rage against a reprehensible person elicited the permission, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her,"—whereupon they may remember that the orthodox gentlemen, "being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest even unto the last." Stone-throwing is by no means without its moral aspects and it is sometimes as well to regard matters from this point of view. Nobody who does so can well fail of arriving at the conclusion that it is a sport which he had much better abjure. Whether any individual man will adhere to his theory or not is a matter of doubt, but there is no room for expecting mankind in general to do so. And it would be a very bad thing if they did; for, as is stated in the homely apothegm, it is only when knives fall out that honest folks come by their due, and an occasional outbreak of stone-throwers who shatter each others' glass houses acts like a thunder-storm to purify the moral atmosphere.

THE MESSIAH AT ST. JOHN'S.

IN compliance with a custom which we deprecate, but are unable at present to alter, this journal is so published as to be in the hands of some thousands of its readers—including all in the city or vicinity—on Thursday mornings instead of on the Saturdays of nominal publication. We have had occasion to regret this, but in the present instance it happens to be fortunate, since it enables us to call attention to the repetition of the performance of the *Messiah*, which takes place on this Thursday evening at St. John's Chapel, the first performance having proved so gratifying a success as to justify and, in some sort, to necessitate a second. On the first occasion—Thursday, April 25—the audience was inconveniently numerous, and, as we hear, a great many anticipating the fact did not even attempt to be present; and it was in acquiescence to general request that the Committee of Management consented to the repetition.

It affords us sincere pleasure to be able to record that the performance of last Thursday was a highly impressive and satisfactory success; a fact not alone gratifying on the score of present achievement but as affording so fair a promise for the future. When we remember that the cause of charity as well as that of art is to be advanced by these festivals, we find very strong reasons for congratulating the reverend and eminent gentlemen who have undertaken their direction upon the prosperous result of efforts which must have been extremely arduous as well as worthy and commendable. The *Messiah* of Handel is an exceedingly formidable work with which to grapple. It is full of difficulties and, even under most favorable circumstances, an entirely smooth, even, and harmonious performance is scarcely to be expected. The leading parts are very exacting, and there are lofty tradi-

tions descriptive of wonderful effect produced by great singers in certain striking passages such as always tend to make an audience exacting and easily displeased. There are, too, differences of opinion and of taste respecting time, weight, and proportion which readily give birth to various criticism of any possible performance. The more celebrated a work is—the more imposing its place in the temple of cognate art—the more is expectancy heightened for those who are not familiar with it, and the more rigorous is the criticism of its performance on the part of those who are. Hence we hold that when such a performance is as generally and comprehensively successful as was that of the *Messiah* at St. John's, the achievement should be generously recognized and the meed of praise ungrudgingly awarded. In this particular case the attempt was a highly creditable one; and had it fallen far shorter of adequate fulfillment than in fact it did, there was much to excuse defect and to justify confidence in future improvement.

It was, perhaps, for some such reasons as have been stated above that we felt that the principal tenor and bass of this occasion were not quite equal to its requirements. We have not had the pleasure frequently to hear either gentleman, but both seemed in bad voice and, conceding all praise for the evident fidelity and conscientiousness of their efforts, we consider both to have been over-weighted by the music assigned them. The ladies were more fortunate. Miss Brainerd, Miss Sterling, and Miss Matilda Phillips were heard to great advantage and each, in parts, was signally successful. To give the proper importance and symmetry to an oratorio like the *Messiah* demands, however, artists of more assured grade than the solo performers of this occasion; a fact of which those concerned are doubtless fully cognizant, but for which they were probably unable entirely to provide. We trust that hereafter this will be borne in mind, and that engagements will be seasonably made which will leave nothing to be desired. Of the chorus we can speak with less qualification. It was as a whole remarkably fine, and its various elements were moulded and handled in a manner which showed that hard and dexterous work had been bestowed upon good material. Dr. James Pech, the conductor, is a thoroughly trained and competent master of his profession. He exhibited a little nervousness here and there, which the responsibility of his position should abundantly excuse. It is better to have too keen than too blunt a sense of such a responsibility; and to conduct a great oratorio on an exceptional occasion is a widely different thing from the accustomed task of wielding the baton in the orchestra of an opera house. Dr. Pech is a stranger among us, and we hope our brothers of the press will treat him with the consideration which is due to that circumstance as well as to his acknowledged professional attainments.

With these observations we take leave of an occasion which has been an important and memorable one, trusting that the repetition of the oratorio will be even more substantially successful than was its initial performance. The public is perhaps not entirely aware how much it is indebted in connection with the festival to the zeal and tact of Rev. Dr. Young, who, as Chairman of the Committee of Management, has had upon his shoulders the great bulk of its toils and responsibilities. Dr. Young deserves and will receive the respectful gratitude of all who have profited by his labors and all who have at heart the progress of musical art. Such will cordially unite with us in congratulating the reverend gentleman on the result of his happy experiment, and in the hope that it will be the first of a long succession of similar festivals which shall continue to enjoy the advantage of his efficient direction.

ADMISSION TO THE BAR.

AT a general term of the Supreme Court lately held in this city a class of about seventy young gentlemen were examined in open court to test their qualifications for admission to the degrees of attorneys and counselors. The rule of court requires that this examination shall be so made, and that those who satisfy the examiners that they possess the necessary qualifications shall immediately be licensed to practice. This sort of examination is very apt to degenerate into a farce. Each student will probably be asked half a dozen questions and upon his answers to those questions depends his fate. The questions themselves may be upon mere points of practice, a knowledge or want of knowledge of which can have but very little to do with the student's fitness for the position which he seeks. The questions may be upon some obsolete and forgotten mystery of the law, very proper for the student to know but very useless as a test of his knowledge. Then, too, a student suddenly questioned in a crowded room very often from sheer modesty or nervousness fails to express himself, and produces an unfav-

avorable impression of his acquirements which may not be at all a fair one. Of the class just examined we understand a large number were rejected. Young men who have spent a few months in a law office and have read Kent think that they may probably pass through some stroke of good luck. And our observation of the examination just concluded leads us to believe that more than half of those who have passed the ordeal did so by this process. The person to whose lot the questions fall which relate to ordinary, well-known topics answers them promptly, and passes; while the unhappy wight who is called upon to explain what his views are on the subject of conditional remainders or executory devises flounders dreadfully and finally collapses, a victim to the unhappy fortune which allotted these questions to him instead of to his frisky neighbor who answered so glibly the method of serving a summons.

These are, however, the faults of the system of admission, which we hope to see altered in the new constitution. There ought to be a prescribed course of study for students who do not graduate at a law school. There ought also to be a reform in the method of treating students in law offices. Lawyers do not seem to think they have any duties to perform towards the young men who come to their offices to read law and do copying. Their education is generally left to themselves, and so far as practical knowledge of the business of the office goes, they obtain none except what they may manage to extract from the pleadings entrusted to them to copy.

In England attorneys' articled clerks pay a handsome fee when they enter an office, and the amount so received is quite an important item. Attention is, therefore, paid to the education of the student, and he receives his money's worth. But with us such a thing as a fee from a student is unknown, and, as a natural consequence, what he obtains has not much value.

The conscientious student will not present himself for examination until he has obtained such knowledge of the law as will enable him to give sound advice on all ordinary subjects. To enable him to do this he must read judiciously and ponder well what he reads. A proper selection of works for such a purpose is a very important thing, and a little work has just been published which contains a very excellent list.* There are some works in it which, perhaps, are beyond the comprehension of persons not more deeply read than the class here alluded to. We confess that we consider *Sydney on Powers* quite unnecessary for a student to master before admission, and, as plenty of time will probably be found for its perusal afterwards, we advise its elimination. We cordially recommend all law students to purchase *The Manual* and follow its directions.

ALBION PAPERS:

BEING FAMILIAR SKETCHES OF ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

No. VIII.—LODGING-HOUSES.

BY AN AMERICAN.

THE great difference between the situation of the floating population in the United States and England is that in the former it lives in boarding houses and in the latter in lodgings. This means that in one country people pay a certain fixed price for food and apartments and in the other a fixed price for apartments only, providing themselves with provisions. Now, much of what is characteristic in the manners and habits of both countries arises from this distinction. To be with other people than those of one's immediate family, to be what is termed "sociable," seems with most Americans to be desirable; the English, on the contrary, seek to be alone. Privacy is for the Englishman the most essential thing in every-day life; for the American, it is the least so. The average Englishman, consequently, impresses a stranger with a strong feeling of distance and reserve; he shows at once that he has no idea of being intruded upon if he can help it. The average American sees in every one a possible familiar acquaintance and his manner rather invites advances than repels them. In this respect as in many others the difference between Englishmen and Americans is more apparent than real, being the result of accidental circumstances more than of inherent distinctiveness. Perhaps the people of each country would be better for a slight admixture of the habits and of the consequent tone of the other. For the present I purpose to consider the subject in its economical and sanitary aspects, leaving its moral and social relations out of the account.

The high cost of living in this country is now naturally drawing attention to every possible means for lightening the burden, and the numerous classes who live upon

fixed stipends are realizing the necessity for reducing expenses to the lowest rate which will admit of comfortable subsistence. To pay large profits to the hotel and boarding-house keepers is becoming, to a great many, absolutely impossible. But the resource of living in their own houses is, at least for the majority in large cities, equally out of the question. There are not houses enough, nor is there space in which to put them. The plan so successfully and comfortably practised in Paris, Edinburgh, and other European cities, namely, that of living in "flats," does not here seem to find favor; at all events there appears to be no indication of its general adoption. It becomes interesting and important to consider available alternatives. The most obvious of these is the English lodging-house system; and this presents so many advantages of cheapness and practicability that we consider it is likely ere long to come into general use.

A prejudice, which is due in a great measure to the novelists, exists in people's minds respecting the honesty and cleanliness of lodging-house keepers; and, consequently, against a system which is apparently so demoralizing. The prejudice is substantially unjust. At all events, in an experience of some thirty different lodgings, during the past few years in and out of London, I have never encountered either the dirt or the extortion which most of us associate with that manner of life and those who minister to it. What are the advantages of living in lodgings? They are real and substantial. First, as regards health: you buy your own articles for the table, so that their nature and quality are, as far as possible, under your own control. If you choose to let the landlady do this, you can; but it is not expected or demanded. Now, it is evident that those who provide food for others as a business, and so to make a profit, will, in the main, buy the cheapest article and make it go as far as possible. They will buy cheap meat, cheap tea and coffee, cheap sugar, cheap everything; and they will re-serve in many thinly-veiled forms the refuse viands of former repasts. The effect is not savory and not wholesome. People who have lived in boarding-houses, whatever their grade, for a certain number of years almost always bear the marks of it. Food of poor quality, ill-cooked, sodden, greasy, cold when it should be hot, hot when it should be cold, will tell in time on the stoutest, and on most constitutions will tell very seriously. Now, in a lodging where you have only yourself to please, and where there is no need for that monotonous variety which is the boarding-house acceptance of a good table, your fare in simplicity, punctuality, and wholesomeness can be made all that you could wish it. You do not have to find a proportion of the cost for all those queer, heterogeneous messes which capricious and narcotized dyspeptics insist upon as essential to their dietary happiness; but which in our boarding-houses go, like the tailor's bad debts, to swell the bills of those who pay. You can, with a little trouble, ensure punctuality, and—what is to some sensitive persons very important indeed—you escape that torrent of silly gabble which too often at the *table d'hôte* distracts the weary brain, and so by sympathy impedes digestion. Bad cooks, of course, are everywhere—in lodgings as well as hotels, and in hotels as well as lodgings; you must take your chance for these, be you where you may; but we contrast for the moment the points which are indubitably distinctive.

As regards economy, the advantage is obviously on the side of the lodgings. What is provided is your own and you pay only for what you consume. If you dine out, you save your haunch or your pair of fowls, as the case may be. The only strictly regular payment is, therefore, for rooms and attendance, which are supplied at a fixed price and are supposed to be regularly required. It is a great charm about London that you can get apartments for almost any price. From ten guineas a week down to ten shillings for, say, a couple of bed rooms and a parlor or sitting-room is a pretty wide range; but, in point of fact, you can go considerably above or considerably below it. There are usually, as London houses are built, two distinct sets of rooms, the renting value of which differs by from twenty to thirty per cent. The street floor is the parlor floor; that above, the drawing-room floor; the latter being, of course, the best furnished, most genteel, and, therefore, most expensive. Prices vary with the quarter of the town and the eligibility of particular streets. In the numerous old streets running from the Thames at right angles to the Strand three rooms, comfortably but unpretendingly furnished, may usually be had for from one to two pounds a week. On the north or east side of Portland Place and thence through Bloomsbury the prices are about the same. Going west they steadily increase, so that in the neighborhood of Cavendish Square they will be doubled, and trebled in the angle of Park Place and Piccadilly. Approaching Belgravia the price reaches its maximum, and

the minimum for respectable lodgings may be found, I suppose, not far from St. Paul's churchyard. Now, this wide range is exceedingly convenient, since, with discretion, it enables one always to cut his coat according to his cloth. The Londoners have here the decided advantage of us. In New York you must either go to a "first-class hotel" or lose caste, comfort, and tidiness all together in the indescribable and offensive inns which, with a very wide interval, come next. But in London you can be genteel and economical too. Indeed, nobody thinks the better of you for being at Long's or Mivart's. It is thoroughly understood that there are plenty of places infinitely cheaper than those sublimated hostleries, but where everything is substantially as good and quite as clean. There is involved then no loss of self-respect in not going to a fashionable hotel; but there is such a loss, as a rule, in New York, because the houses not of the first rank are so all but universally dirty and so generally otherwise objectionable.

The system of lodgings in New York would afford such immense relief to great numbers of people that it is truly surprising it has not before now been appreciated and introduced. Clerks, young professional men, respectable traders of all sorts would certainly get on much better in lodgings than they do at present when so disproportionate a share of their earnings either goes for house-rent or for profits on food needlessly paid to other people. A very general idea appears to have obtained with us that the moment things become cheap they must necessarily be mean, dirty, and squalid. This arises partly from association, because our immigrant poor are so wretchedly filthy and void of self-respect in their habits and surroundings. Those who think, however, that to live on five or ten dollars a week makes dirt and unhealthy food and unlovely sights and smells inevitable, should see the apartments of a few French families, near the sky, maybe, but as sweet, tidy, and cheerful as any palace, and which may be found all over Paris. Our Irish and German friends require to be initiated into the philosophy of this, and after waiting a few years longer it will be found, to their and our chagrin, that the initiation must be absolutely compulsory. Society cannot permanently hold together when one half the population are deliberately poisoning the other half; and when we have paid all respect which may in any wise be exigible to the political power of the unwashed we shall take the liberty of insisting that they remain unwashed no longer.

The rapidity with which tavern-keepers get rich in America shows that they get a great deal too much profit out of the public whom they serve. I refer, of course, to the landlords of the great houses, the profits of the others not being, to my knowledge, very considerable. The prices charged for board and lodging at our principal hotels is inordinately in excess of their cost. There should be a large number of cleverly arranged small inns or lodging-houses where a decent room could be had, with the present price of gold, for a dollar, and other requisites sold at proportionate rates if required. The practice of charging transient guests, who in nine cases out of ten only need a bed, a day's board at an extortionate rate is absurd and ought to be obsolete. If a dozen capable men were to start small, easy houses on the European plan, like Webb's, close by the head of the Haymarket, I am confident they would be abundantly patronized. This, however, would only meet a part of the demand. Lodging-houses are needed in New York not by the dozen, but by the hundred; and sooner or later that inflexible necessity which overrules even national prejudices will, without doubt, bring them into being.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

LONDON.

LONDON, April 13, 1867.

THERE is nothing talked of in London to-day but the great Oxford and Cambridge boat race. Neither rain nor wind nor the necessity for very early rising for those who witness the race seem to have abated the enthusiasm of either the light blue or the dark. From early dawn it has been coming down in torrents; but all London was astir, and now the boats and vehicles are pouring in again their crowds of both sexes, damp, weather-beaten, drizzle-tailed, but exhibiting their colored ribbons with as cheerful an air as it is possible to assume under the circumstances. In the omnibuses and about the streets the conversation you hear is taken up entirely

* *Manual of Legal Study, for the Use of Students.* By Scott R. Sherwood, A.M., Counsellor-at-Law. New York: Baker, Voorhis & Co.

with the details of the race: how the one had an advantage here, the other there; how Cambridge and Oxford pulled magnificently abreast off Chiswick "ait," and how a fatal twist at another point decided the day. Even the great government victory over Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals last night is forgotten. The newspapers placard with nothing but the words "The Race to-day," and the boys who rush about the streets with second and third editions of everything know their trade too well to proclaim the "debate of last night" as the attraction of the hour. This mania is comparatively new among us, and it has made astonishing strides of late. There are plenty who think it a noble thing, and we shall have a flood of leading articles on Monday over the "pluck" and "muscle" and "indomitable perseverance" of English youth. But there are others who, like Mr. Grant Duff, shake their heads at this outrageous passion for "athleticism" which now pervades all our universities and public schools. I suppose it will pass like other fashions; but at present nothing tends more to maintain that admiration for force and that contempt for individual rights which Mr. Carlyle has elevated into a system. Depend upon it, our great achievement in putting down the Indian rebellion and our "vigorous repressive measures" in Jamaica were not a little due to the fact of the chief actors in those affairs having been reared in an atmosphere of this kind.

As to our reform battle of last night, in which I suppose American readers will take some interest, the defeat of Mr. Gladstone is a simple result of a difference among members of the Liberal party as to the best means of attaining a real extension of popular power. It is absurd to speak of it as evidencing any increased affection for old Tory principles. That Mr. Disraeli has conducted the campaign with much skill for his party there can be no doubt; and if there were no public opinion, no England, outside the walls of St. Stephens, the conservative party might have reason to rejoice. But the constituencies will in the long run take care that there be real progress. I confess that I think the seceding Liberals were justified in voting for the measure. The government propose to give every man with a house a vote, provided he pays rates and has resided a certain time in it. Mr. Gladstone proposes to give every man rated at five pounds a year and upwards a vote, and to exclude all below that line from paying rates or voting. The government proposition excludes the poor householder whose landlord generally compounds for his rates—that is, pays on many houses in a lump at a reduced rate—and it establishes a vexatious condition of long residence obviously directed against the working class, whose labor is shifting and whose habits are consequently migratory. On the other hand, it sounds the grand note of "household suffrage," for which Mr. Bright has been so long contending, and Mr. Gladstone himself argues that all the checks and barriers which accompany it must be swept away if once that idea becomes fixed in the popular mind. It is hardly surprising if this latter argument failed to impress the minds of the ultra-liberals among Mr. Gladstone's followers. There is something certainly very mean in the government proposition that what are called the "compound householders" shall only have the power to come on the register of voters if they choose to claim to pay rates personally, and, of course, pay at the higher rate. This would, in fact, be imposing a fine on each poor voter, and offering a premium to the poorer class to be indifferent to the rights of citizenship. In the good old times your model poor man, as sketched by his social superiors, was one who never troubled his head with politics, and there are a good many now who regard this as a principal feature in the portrait of such a man. But wiser men, who have the interests of their country at stake, know that our aristocratic government is sadly in want of the check which would be imposed upon it by an intelligent perception among the poorer classes of the mischiefs of their political disabilities. We know well with what results our West India planters established a price for a vote, how completely it destroyed the black element in the representation, and what flagrant wrongs and abuses have been the result. The upper class here in dealing with their unenfranchised fellow-countrymen are actuated by exactly the same sort of spirit. They know well that to make a vote cost thirty shillings is to exclude them, unless they are made, as they would be made in times of political excitement, mere tools of one or other party, who would defray the expense of putting them on the register. Nor is this any reproach against them. The struggle for bread among the poorer classes is hard enough in this country. The benefits of a pound applied in relieving the wants of a family are direct and visible; the advantages of a like sum spent in securing political power are shadowy and remote. What men want is encouragement, not discouragement, in the mat-

ter of paying regard to their political interests. Mr. Gladstone's proposition is just as sweeping in its exclusion of the poorer classes, for the present at least, with the disadvantage that it could not so easily be improved. Mr. Disraeli has declared that the government will stand by their barriers and restrictions. But it is quite certain that the ultra-liberals who helped to swell the majority of last night are not in love with them. Pressure may yet drive the government to find a way of yielding without breaking the letter of their declaration; and if it does not, they will probably be defeated and, in spite of their threat to dissolve, will lose office; for the country is very much in earnest. The Liberals, then, may take their turn; but it is a bad look-out for the working classes that their champion, Earl Russell, has lately declared his hostility to so moderate a reform as household suffrage.

A compiler who signs his preface R. H. S., and who is, I believe, Mr. R. H. Shepherd, a verse-writer and general contributor to the papers, has just published a curious little volume of notes, bibliographical and critical, on Tennyson's poems and life. It has been printed these two years; and has been the subject of a deal of threats and counter-threats between lawyers, poets, and publishers. Mr. Shepherd goes into the subject of the poet laureate's early poems, of which, as most readers know, a great number have been suppressed, and this annoys Mr. Tennyson, who wishes them forgotten. He is indeed nervously sensitive on this subject. A few years ago another attempt was made to revive the remembrance of them by a pretended critique, which was destroyed by an injunction in Chancery before it saw the light. Here again the same question arose of the right of a critic to revive the recollection of poems which the author has ceased to publish by giving an elaborate commentary upon them. The law on the point is simple enough in principle, but not always easy in application. The general rule of our copyright law, and I presume of yours also, is that a review or criticism, even with copious extracts, is not necessarily an infringement of copyright. But, on the other hand, the review must not be a colorable pretext for republishing the poems. The extracts given must only be in support of critical observations, and these must be made with obvious *bonum fides*. It would not, for instance, be allowed that a critic should maintain the argument that Tennyson was a better poet than Browning, and should illustrate the fact by printing without the author's consent an entire poem of each. This principle has evidently been brought to bear upon Mr. Shepherd, the pagination of whose little volume, I observe, suddenly jumps from 127 to 140, indicating pages suppressed after printing. Mr. Tennyson has, of course, a right to insist that no one shall infringe his copyright; but many of his admirers think his resolute suppression of his early works irrational. There are none of them which are discreditable to him; none which do not show some sparks of his genius. Their republication as "early poems" could not do any damage to his reputation, and they would be exceedingly interesting to students of his works. In any case the time must come when his family can no longer prevent the republication. I suppose these pieces are even now included in American editions.

Mr. Shepherd's little volume contains a number of interesting incidental particulars, comprising opinions of contemporary writers and other matters. He brings out the curious fact, which was, at least, not very generally known, that Mr. John Stuart Mill was the first critic to discover the great power and promise of the poet, Mr. Mill being at that time—January, 1831—a young writer in *The Westminster Review*, then the property of his father's old and illustrious friend, Jeremy Bentham. Mr. Shepherd also gives an account of Tennyson's prize poem on the exciting topic of *Timbuctoo*, which he wrote at Cambridge in 1829; but he does not appear to be aware of the fact that a very clever parody upon it appeared in *The Snob*, a facetious magazine then appearing at intervals at Cambridge, which was edited, if not entirely written, by another young Cantab since become famous in the world of letters—William Makepeace Thackeray.

Our *Athenaeum* made an absurd blunder in reviewing Swinburne's *Song of Italy* last week. Misled evidently by a careless reading of a passage which the critic quoted entire, he denounced the poet for lauding "Pisacane the assassin." A remonstrance from Signor Saffi, the Roman triumvir, brings out an apology in *The Athenaeum* to-day which is an amusing piece of editorial ingenuity, and is well worth your quoting.

Dr. Doran is preparing an edition of Mr. Tuckerman's essays under the title of *The Collector: Essays on Books, Newspapers, Pictures, Inns, Authors, Doctors, Holidays, Actors, Preachers*, by Henry T. Tuckerman, with an introduction by Dr. Doran.

Mr. Sala has made an engagement with *The Daily*

Telegraph to write for that journal, at a salary of £1,200 per annum, with the condition that he is not to write for any other newspaper.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ENGLISH STYLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: One of the objects of THE ROUND TABLE I take to be the promotion of critical discussion, even should it occasionally interfere with the prestige of oracular authority. I therefore make bold to question the concluding inferences of your article on "English." If I comprehend your critic rightly, his theory is a very positive step towards literary barbarism. I say, if I comprehend him rightly; for it is just possible that all his "simplicity" may not have rendered him perfectly intelligible, and his position is so startling that the reader is naturally inclined rather to suspect some misapprehension on his own part than to accept it in its obvious sense. But taking your critic according to the obvious and natural sense of his words, he asserts, in effect, that our language neither has, admits, nor requires two things which all other languages deserving the name find necessary. It has little grammar, and what little it has is of no consequence; it has, or ought to have, no style, and is all the better without it! This avowal (I can't help repeating it) in a paper of high critical profession is startling and astounding. "Cultivation of style useless!" In Macaulay and Ruskin, for instance. Can even a writer in THE ROUND TABLE afford to despise their style? Suppose you or I could write English as good as (say) Prevost-Paradol's French; would that be no benefit to ourselves personally or to the community at large? I should as soon think of saying that the study of color was useless in painting. At the same time it must be owned that this theory does not entirely originate with your critic. It has been frequently ventilated during the last few years; in fact, is rather becoming the popular theory. Style and grammar, like leisure, good manners, classical education, and many other things which it is customary to abuse nowadays, are supposed to be tainted with the vague but terrible vice of "aristocracy." The editor of a largely circulating magazine recently asserted that English periodical writers were far inferior to American, because the former paid attention to style and the latter neglected it.

It appears to me that your critic has fallen into three serious errors:

First, he fancies that style is synonymous with "fine writing," the efforts of "sophomores and penny-a-liners." This is confounding the caricature with the picture, the counterfeit with the coin; the most ornate writers (e.g., the two already mentioned) are often those in whose productions the fewest deviations from good taste can be detected. Nor can it be truly said that "they fail to shape the language or command the ear of the people." Macaulay has repeatedly been brought forward in your own columns as authority for certain expressions.

Secondly, he imagines an opposition between style and simplicity. This fancied contrast is opposed to the experience of literary students in all languages. Simplicity is no more inconsistent with pains and polish than ornament is with strength and good taste; the fables of La Fontaine, the ballads of Heine, are specimens of perfect simplicity and perfect style. But I forget—we are speaking specially of English. Well, then, take the best known book in our language after the Bible. In *Robinson Crusoe* we find perfect simplicity combined with a style which is the next thing to perfection, as may easily be seen by comparing the original with any of its numerous abridgments or imitations.

Thirdly, he holds the all-sufficing end of a speaker or writer to be "the practical purpose of having one's self understood in every-day life with the least expenditure of health and the least waste of time." This is an extremely low standard, and would reduce current literature to the level of a *Manuel des Voyageurs*, or, lower still, a courier's vocabulary. Speech and writing may be vulgar, loose, awkward, ungrammatical to almost any extent, and yet perfectly answer the practical purpose of being understood in every-day life. When one correspondent of a sporting print assures another "between you and I, without the chestnut and her have a brush together, we shan't know which is the best horse," the three fractures of Lindley Murray in his sentence do not prevent it from being quite intelligible. When you hear any casual loafer remark that "he see them men yesterday," you have no difficulty in comprehending his assertion, though you might have strong objections to expressing it in the same terms. Arrangement and harmony, illustration, accumulation, and emphatic repetition, every artifice and every ornament, your critic's dogma sweeps away. We are reduced to a bare statement of facts and a logical deduction of opinions—no, not logical, for logic is another of the articles marked with the brand of "aristocracy."

Being thoroughly convinced that the popular tendency toward the annihilation of style and the haphazard (what Sterne called the most religious) way of writing, is a step in the wrong direction, I shall make no apology for entering into the subject somewhat at large.

I positively deny that the writer's only object should be to express his ideas as simply as possible. He should also try to express them as forcibly and as elegantly as possible. There are rare instances of authors who combine all three qualities; and when you have this, when the greatest effect is produced with the least means, you conclude—what? that the possessor of this happy faculty "forgot style"? I should as soon think of saying

* For my own part, I have no hesitation in saying that to secure an American Paradol I would give all the members of Congress, and throw Mr. F. T. Barnum in.

that a perfectly dressed woman forgot dress, or a perfectly virtuous man (supposing one to exist) forgot virtue.

I also deny that the ideas are the sole essential, and that the way in which they are expressed signifies nothing, provided only it be intelligible. Suppose the matter of a writing is hostile or disagreeable to you; then if the manner also is unattractive, you are not likely to attempt a perusal of it. For instance, many Republicans of a literary turn read *The World*, but I can hardly fancy a Democrat of any turn reading *The Tribune*.

Style is to the author what dress is to the man. (I trust your critic will not despise this illustration because it is borrowed from a sophomore's composition; probably the sophomore had borrowed it already.) Of course the man is much more important than his dress; but the dress has some importance. A bad man is none the worse but so far the better for being well dressed, and a worthy man may often fail to be properly appreciated if attired in a slovenly or ridiculous garb. Who ever read or tried to read *Butler's Analogy* without wishing it rewritten into smoother and clearer English? How greatly does the style of *Ure's Plato* increase the difficulty of the subject! The French consider Cooper fully equal to Scott. Why? Because they know them both through the same translator.

Using another illustration, we may regard the matter of a writing as the raw materials of our literary entertainment, and the style as the cookery. The materials are the necessary foundation of the banquet. "To cook your hare, first catch your hare," as Mrs. Glasse did not say; but the sauces are very far from useless.

These two illustrations I have chosen designedly, because the French, who excel in the minor arts of dress and cookery, and owe a great deal of their influence to this superiority, are also superior to all other nations in the diffusion of a good style among their authors. Even a second-rate reviewer like Montegut or a third-class novelist like Mario Uchard is an adept at style; and when you come to a master, like Sand or Paradol, the medium through which their ideas are communicated exhausts all your powers of eulogy and all your capacity of satisfaction. It is a carriage on something more than Esprings rolling on a road something more than macadamized. It is Chateau Margaux at its most velvety age. It is pellucid crystal running over pearl pebbles. It is molten silver gliding through a mine of jewels. The only drawback to your delight is that it spoils you for your own language, especially as administered on this side the Atlantic. You are utterly disgusted with nineteenth-twentieths of the English (or American) which you read, and about twenty-one-twentieths of that which you try to write.

It does not follow that all French writing may be read rapidly, nor that very great facility of reading is desirable when certain subjects are treated. But any delay is caused by the nature of the subject; there is no hitch or rust about the machinery, no harshness or awkwardness in the phraseology. Nor is the excellence of French style absolutely universal. Critics will tell you that the styles of Victor Hugo, of Balzac, of Flaubert are very bad in many respects. But the French are too wise to sacrifice a rule to its exceptions, nor do they admit the dispensing power of genius to such an extent as your critic, who, because some poets from carelessness or metrical necessity have confused the pronominal cases, would make the violation of grammar rather a laudable thing in all speakers and writers.

Now, in Germany we are apt to find the reverse of this. It has been well said that a German writer packs his sentences as he would pack a trunk or a bale; the ideas are all there, safe; so safe that it takes much time and trouble to get at them. And this is, doubtless, one reason why German ideas often have to become popularized through the French before they can make their due impression on the general mind of the civilized world.

Eugene Benson lately said that dress was one of the fine arts which our men had lost. I think style is another; and the cause is obvious. So much of our reading consists of daily newspapers that the newspaper has become the standard of writing. Now, the editorials of these journals, as Mr. Parton observes, have comparatively little influence. They are read principally for their news and correspondence, the facts and rumors which they contain, necessarily written down in great haste, thrown upon the paper anyhow, always inelegant, often ungrammatical. From want of familiarity with the thing we have come to doubt not only its utility but its very existence, as your critic does. No wonder if his theory become the popular one; it is so convenient a cloak for indolence—perhaps for something else.

If the English have not gone so far downhill as ourselves, we may attribute their good fortune, in no small measure, to their weekly critical papers. Had *The Saturday Review* never put forth an original idea, were it as barren of matter as *The Galaxy* considers it, or as vicious of matter as Eugene Benson considers it, it would still merit all its reputation and success for its services to English literature in keeping up attention to style.

Your critic's remarks on grammar I shall not notice in detail. Most of us have heard the question about "Who is that?" Me. No; it's him," etc., etc., argued and reargued till we are sick of it. All the French and Danish analogies in the world, with Dean Alford thrown in, and *The Round Table* to boot, will never convince me that such expressions are not exuberantly bad English. "And so concerning them let sufficient have been said," as Plato hath it *passim*.

[Our correspondent has, we think, set up something for himself that he may batter it down. We did not object to cultivation of style in English, but to half-cultivation. Thorough cultivation leads as surely to simplicity in style as cultivation in manners ends, if carried out, in simplicity of demeanor. The natural behavior of those called

the vulgar, though it may often have some mixture of rudeness, is less disgusting than the strained courtesy of a fine gentleman. Well-dressed women are not those whose minds are absorbed by the art of dressing. Milliners, mantua-makers, and tailors, whose sole business is dress, are rarely well-dressed themselves or good guides in taste for others. A well-dressed woman does not attract one to the items of her decoration, but simply gives the general impression that she is well-dressed and nothing more. So a good style in English is that which attracts the reader to the thoughts conveyed, not to their verbal dress. The fundamental mistake of fine dresses, fine gentlemen, and fine writers is, that they are intent upon showing up themselves, not upon pleasing or instructing others. Simplicity in style costs more labor than fine writing. Those who think hard cannot always write or talk; but in instances where men do both think and talk, their talk is clear, direct, and simple. When the object is only to talk, language is wasted to little purpose. In spite of the efforts of the half-cultivated, the mass of the English race will mould the English idiom for themselves, will treat language as a tool, and will sharpen and harden it to any extent necessary to make it handy for use; they will not polish it as a thing to be set in a showcase. Of late, learned men have recognized this right and power of the people, and fine English is more and more discarded. There is no better proof that our culture in style for the last two hundred years has been in the wrong direction than the fact that we cannot to-day retranslate the Bible into good English.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

SODA-ASH; OR, "CE QU'ON VOIT" AND "CE QU'ON NE VOIT PAS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In *The Scientific American* for February 23 appears a paragraph culled from *The New York Tribune* under the above heading, which informs the public that "A firm in Detroit . . . ship" (query, ships?) "sulphurets of copper to England, to be there used in the manufacture of soda-ash and reshipped to this country for consumption in the various forms of salts of soda."

A trifling increase of only half a cent a pound would suffice to establish in the Saginaw district the profitable business of making this article of indispensable necessity.

The above quotation from *The New York Tribune* is an admirable illustration of what the late Mr. Bastiat called "Ce qu'on voit," or what is seen. Let us now cast an eye on "Ce qu'on ne voit pas," or what is left unseen.

At present the consumer gets his soda-ash for at least half a cent per pound cheaper than he would do if the advocated half cent were added to the duty; indeed the difference must be still greater, for a half cent duty involves more than a half cent increase in price by the importer's profit on his increased outlay plus additional recompense for the additional trouble occasioned by this additional trammel upon trade; diminished profit to the manufacturer of articles in which soda ash enters as an element; diminution of capital employed in those manufactures, hence diminished wages, fund to pay the wages of the laborer; diminished wages to the laborer; diminished means of expenditure on the part of the latter; diminished quantity of boots, shoes, clothing, butchers' meat, cheese, butter, etc., consumed and enjoyed by them; or (according to the circumstances of the country) diminished means of saving and arrest of the growth of capital; also diminished means for paying rent; therefore deteriorated dwellings, diminished health; and diminished revenue by the duty on the entire quantity manufactured at home.

Diminished means of enjoyment by the butcher, cheesemonger, dairyman, clothier, bootmaker, employed by the laborer. Diminished wealth, diminished enjoyment all round, and the country thus many times poorer by the tax imposed not for revenue but for restriction—to restrain the producer from using as he thinks best for his own advantage, and therefore for that of the community whereof he is an industrial member, the produce of his labor, and therefore diminishing the inducement to labor. And all to what end? To try and coax and wheedle capitalists and laborers from producing that which the community most requires, as shown by their paying most for it, to turn to and produce something which the community less requires, as shown by their paying less for it.

But now let us see the justice and wisdom of the proposal as regards the "firm in Detroit."

That firm being free to employ their skill and labor as they think fit, found their labor best rewarded by selling in the highest market, and now they are to be debarred from doing so in this free country for the supposed benefit of some one else.

We may ring over again, *ad caput*, the changes on diminished health, wealth, and enjoyment to them, their workmen, their trades-people, and to the country, which we rang out before in the case of all connected (however remotely) with articles in the manufacture whereof soda-ash is necessary, i. e., of nearly every textile manufacture, whether as consumers or producers, and the persons with whom they deal!

But, says the editor of *The New York Tribune*, the business of making this article is a profitable one; he calls the manufacture thereof "a profitable business." Then what purpose is to be served by the increased duty? If it be a profitable business compared with others in this country, how is it that the enterprising

and intelligent capitalists of this country do not engage in it? If it be not a profitable one, why invite capital and skill to quit the most productive labor to embark in labor less productive?

But England, we are told by *The New York Tribune*, monopolizes the supplying us with this article of indispensable necessity.

Does she supply it to us for nothing? If she does, we ought to be marvellously grateful for so generous a friend, and by the quantity she supplies to us we are so much the richer; but in reality she takes from us in exchange our breadstuffs, our oils, our sewing machines, and thousand and one commodities which the boundless resources lavished on us by nature and the skill of our people enable us to produce at so much less RELATIVE COST than the old country.

Let us now suppose England to be debarred by this additional duty from supplying us with what we need in the article of soda-ash; the demand for the commodities she received from us in exchange for so supplying us will be diminished, and again the round of diminished health, wealth, and enjoyment for the people, and diminished revenue to the government must be gone through. And will *The New York Tribune* point out the compensating benefit to people or government?

Behold "Ce qu'on ne voit pas."

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, March 31, 1867.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in *THE ROUND TABLE* must be sent to the office.

THE TWELVE DECISIVE BATTLES.*

TO paint the picture of grand war from reality is one of the most difficult tasks which an artist can undertake. It is almost impossible for any human being, however accurate his eye and however catholic and earnest his love of truth, altogether to escape the prejudices, to avoid the distorting media through which lines and colors are apt to become confused, masses to be obscured by details, and details to be magnified into masses. When the lion saw the picture of a man killing a lion, he said if a lion had painted it he would have represented the lion to be killing the man. In any great conflict it is all but inevitable that the predilection of observers will so far sway their judgment as to modify the value of their testimony. To this day there are American and English eye-witnesses of the prize-fight between Heenan and Sayers who stoutly maintain that, had the battle continued, their own champion must infallibly have overthrown the other. Even in things so comparatively trifling and simple is judicial opinion extremely rare; in things complicated and great it is even more difficult to find. But if we pass from the heats and passions of the immediate moment and leave the task of representation to the future, all the obvious advantages of personal knowledge are sacrificed even if, which is not always the case, we get rid also of the disadvantages. Tradition, or the balanced misrepresentations of prejudiced witnesses, must, in that case, be relied upon to fill out the canvas. If, then, we are so fortunate as to discover one of those rare observers who at once thinks truth of supreme consequence and has the clear sight to perceive it; who can not only see, but has also the artistic capacity to describe; who unites the mathematical faculty of precision which produces fidelity of outline with the poetic appreciation which gives color and vitality to his picture; in such a case we may congratulate ourselves upon the enjoyment of the fruit of a happy combination of qualities as precious as it is uncommon. Such a combination we find in a remarkable degree in Mr. William Swinton, and such a fruit is his work which now lies before us, *The Twelve Decisive Battles of the War*.

This is very high praise; but, whatever errors of detail or defects of style may be justly or unjustly attributed to this volume, we firmly believe that our opinion will be substantially corroborated in the sequel by the great body of dispassionate and competent judges. The first thing which forcibly attracts attention in looking through the book is the entirely frank and evidently conscientious manner in which the great martial figures of both sides in the struggle are handled and discussed. There is no slighting of the military powers of a general because he was a Confederate; there is no glossing the mistakes of another because he was a Unionist. The praise which is due to heroism and soldiery is ungrudgingly awarded on either side; the censure which attaches to incompetence and pretension is as impartially bestowed. No consistently has the author adhered to this principle that he is quite certain to be abused for it by the friends of individuals in both sections; and there will be no better proof of his candor, no sounder justification of his fair-dealing, than will be afforded by pre-

* *The Twelve Decisive Battles of the War: A History of the Eastern and Western Campaigns, in relation to the Actions that Decided their Issue.* By William Swinton, author of *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, 1867.

cisely such incidents. In this respect Mr. Swinton's work appears in vivid contrast with most analogous attempts hitherto published. There is none of the Heros Von Borcke flavor about his pages. There is no puerile effort to show that leaders were necessarily heaven-born because they fought on one side, or cowardly and selfish fiends because they fought on the other. Descending to details, it will be found that the same spirit animates the whole work; nor will it detract from the general impression it produces to know that the writer's sympathies and hopes were for the success of the Union cause, since it is plainly evident that the circumstance has led Mr. Swinton to be especially watchful over himself and to employ the tact and generosity which he abundantly possesses to prevent his pen from doing even inadvertent wrong to its adversaries.

Mr. Swinton, in selecting twelve particular battles as the decisive ones of the war, has been governed by considerations clearly set forth in his preface. He anticipates that many, perhaps the majority, will differ from him respecting the propriety of his selection. It will be remembered, however, as he modestly observes, that "a somewhat close military study of the war from its beginning to its end, and indeed up to this writing, many facilities in the possession of documents and verbal information communicated by busy actors in the drama, joined with some personal observation of a part of the battle scenes here depicted," constitute the data on which his estimates have been based and which have prompted their publication. He sets forth in *limine* as follows:

"During the late War it was common to speak of the 'indecisiveness' of its greatest battles. In one sense the reflection was just; since the very occurrence of so many engagements showed that no one had been finally decisive. But, in the more important sense, the comment was false; and its error lay in forgetting that a battle inconclusive as to the whole problem of the war may yet be conclusive as to one stage of that problem. This distinction could not easily be drawn during the heat and ferment of actual conflict; and especially when popular criticism was more in the way of impatient complaint against the conduct of operations than of thoughtful study of their weight and meaning."

A page or two further shows us the general significance of the author's selection:

"Of the twelve decisive battles, Bull Run made known that the contest was to be a war, not a 'sixty-days' riot; Donelson conquered the western Border States for the Union; Shiloh overthrew the first and Murfreesboro' the second of the Confederate aggressive campaigns at the West; Antietam overthrew the first and Gettysburg the second of the Confederate aggressive campaigns at the East; the fight of the Monitor and Merrimac settled the naval supremacy of the Union; Vicksburg reopened the Mississippi, and, as it were, bisected the Confederacy; Atlanta opened a path through Georgia and, as it were, trisected the Confederacy; the battle in the Wilderness inaugurated that drier resort of 'hammering out' which made an end of the Insurrection; Nashville annihilated the Confederacy at the West; Five Forks was the initial stroke of that series under which it toppled at the East, and so the continent over."

Mr. Swinton divides each of these memorable engagements into three sections which he terms respectively the Prelude, the Battle, and the Results, a method of treatment which enables him to give a very clear and coherent account of antecedents and consequences as well as of the conflicts themselves. In a literary sense Mr. Swinton is well fitted for his task. He is concise, yet, on occasion, copious; possessed, as we have said, with a genius for exactitude, yet of so much enthusiasm and poetic feeling as to throw himself, with much power and abandon, into the very spirit of the tremendous scenes he describes. The dramatic faculty is strongly pronounced in him; and he employs it with such skill that his pages, from first to last, are more interesting than those of a romance. Sometimes, indeed, his apparent habit of never pausing for a word produces a slight effect of turgidity or redundancy, which in future editions second thoughts will probably lead him to correct. This is never perceptible when he deals with figures and facts; but solely in those descriptive passages which constitute the book's greatest charm, but do not constitute its greatest value. So far as the latter is concerned, and apart from mere literary merit, the volume has enduring excellence. Unlike the great mass of newspaper critics, Mr. Swinton has thought it wise to know something of the subject whereof he writes. He has studied strategy, tactics, and logistics; mastered, in a praiseworthy degree, those questions of geography, topography, and military engineering to be ignorant of which is to be incapable of understanding, much less writing about, the stupendous operations which make up his theme; and he has thus been able to grapple with its difficulties with a thoroughness and facility eminently favorable to its judicious and satisfactory treatment.

Mr. Swinton's analysis of the characters and conduct of the great captains of the war exhibits his powers in

another light, and we are here again able to award him almost unqualified commendation. His perception is, at times, almost feminine in its acuteness; but his touch is always firm, self-reliant, and manly. Very few who have written so much and, of necessity, so rapidly would evince either the delicacy, the insight, or the painstaking which were necessary to present us with these highly interesting portraits. Their fidelity is intrinsically apparent, and they round off with a graphic felicity the story of the scenes wherein their subjects were the actors. But, independent of the full-length portraits, there are bits here and there scattered through the whole book which forcibly describe distinctive characteristics; for example, the following, which succeeds the account of the awful encounter in the Wilderness:

"The morning of Saturday, May 7, found the opposing armies still confronting each other in the Wilderness; yet neither side showed any aggressive ardor. There was light skirmishing throughout the forenoon; but it was manifest that both armies were so worn out that they mutually feared to attack, though they were not unwilling to be attacked. It had been a deadly wrestle, yet the result so far was indecisive. The Union troops, wearied and chagrined, sent up no cheer of victory through the Wilderness. Many, indeed, believed we should recross the Rapidan."

"But there was one man that was otherwise minded. During the day the corps were gathered into compact shape, the trains were drawn out of the way, and the columns were disposed for the march; for Grant, like Phocion, desired to have an army 'fitted for the long race.' When night came, he seized the mighty mass and launched it southward—towards Richmond!"

The final result of Grant's resolution is beautifully and imaginatively depicted in the paragraph which ends the volume:

"One who now revisits the fields whereon he saw great armies contending, or haply was himself in the van, marvels at the changed scene. The dread battle sounds have died away; the black-mouthed cannon are dumb; in the furrows once ploughed by caisson-wheels the daisy or tender violet springs; no longer the hills echo the roar of artillery, and the plains resound with the clatter of hoof-beats and the clink of sabres; a four-years' story seems like a fearful dream that is gone. But as the fancy kindles, lo! the ghastly scars of the earth reopen and again the field is peopled with embattled armies—the dun pall draws back over the landscape, and out of its depths rise the cheer of the victors and the cries of the wounded—the tattered ensigns, blazoned with glorious legends, epitomes of history, toss once more in the battle smoke—the clangor of arms goes up. So in story and imagination the heroes contend again; as wayfarers at night, through many centuries, heard the neighing of the Persian war-horses and the shouts and blows of the warriors on the plain of Marathon."

We have, perhaps, said sufficient to give an adequate idea of the scope and purpose of a work which will be so generally read as to make lengthy extracts superfluous. It is a very great pleasure to greet a book on the war which we are able with so little reserve to approve; and we trust it will be the harbinger of others written like itself by scholarly and gentlemanly pens, which will eclipse the memory of sundry contemptible essays on the same topic which have only served to disgrace our literature and to keep alive unhappy animosities. *The Twelve Battles of the War* is embellished by seven good portraits of eminent commanders, and by seven well-drawn maps of their most famous fields. The volume is handsomely printed, and both in form and substance is a credit to Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, whose imprint it bears. Should they continue to put forth books like this, their reputation as publishers will rise to an enviable level.

JAMES K. PAULDING.*

BORN in the midst of the Revolution and reaching manhood at a time when we were still destitute of an American literature, Mr. Paulding commenced in partnership with Washington Irving, his family connection and life-long friend, a literary career that continued for half a century. Unlike Irving, he did not make authorship his profession. Engaged in political pursuits, he wrote less for fame or gain than from pure love of writing and as a relaxation from the cares of office. Probably the larger part of his productions consisted of political contributions to newspapers and periodicals that were prepared only for immediate effect and have not survived the occasions that drew them forth. Much else was of an ephemeral character, while his leisure was so little and his aversion to revision and correction so great that his literary position is to be determined by but a portion of that which remains. Nevertheless there is much in his writings that entitles him to a different honor from that we award simply as the due of the pioneer in literature. Had we no more than the passages from publications now nearly unknown which Mr. William Paulding col-

lects in the handsome volume before us, no one could read them without feeling that their author is entitled to a high place among American writers, and among his contemporaries might have ranked second not even to Irving had he devoted himself singly to literature. His style, of whose occasional hasty carelessness his editor seems here to have obliterated all traces, is always graceful and pure; his humor is naturally of the same school with Irving's and is delightfully whimsical, original, and genial; and his various essays show a power of satire and of delicate grave irony that is seldom equalled. Among the very many people who know little more of Paulding as a writer than that he had a hand in *Salmagundi*—which unfortunately is now in the category of books that everybody praises and nobody reads—his son's sketch of his literary career can hardly fail to excite for the promised series of volumes selected from his works the attention due to their own merits no less than to their author's services to American literature.

Paulding, as we have said, was born in the midst of the Revolution, in 1778. At the close of the war his father was a ruined man, and partly to this fact, partly to the legends of British and Tory cruelty which he heard during his boyhood at Tarrytown, is to be attributed the lasting animosity toward England which appears in his writings wherever occasion offers. Of his boyhood he wrote afterwards: "I never look back on that period of life which most people contemplate with so much regret as the series of blossoms without a feeling of dreary sadness." His school-days ended when he was about twelve years old, by reason of the master being made surrogate, when "I returned to the house of my mother, and thus ended my education, which first and last cost about fifteen dollars, certainly quite as much as it was worth." His life at Tarrytown, he tells us, was weary and irksome; his mind was active, but his body indolent; he was fond of reading, but could get no books; and thus he lived, having never been five miles from home, until at nineteen years old he received an appointment as clerk in the United States Loan Office and came to New York. Here he renewed a boyish acquaintance with Washington Irving—whose elder brother, William Irving, had married his sister—and under his guidance he first made his way into print in *The Morning Chronicle*, a newspaper edited by Mr. Peter Irving. For some years he continued making desultory contributions to the newspapers and passing his leisure hours among a notable party of young men about town, many of whom afterward obtained no small celebrity. It was not until he was about twenty-nine and Irving about twenty-four years of age, when the latter had returned from his first visit to Europe, that they made their *début* as authors by issuing, in January, 1807, the first number of *Salmagundi*, whose ridicule of the follies of fashionable life became so popular as to secure it a large national circulation. "It reached," wrote Mr. Paulding, "two volumes, and we could easily have continued it indefinitely. But the publisher, with that liberality so characteristic of these modern Miceases, declined to concede to us a share of the profits, which had become very considerable, and the work was abruptly discontinued." For some years after this his writings were anonymous, and consisted chiefly of contributions, in prose and verse, to the newspapers. He next appeared publicly soon after the outbreak of the War of 1812, when he wrote *The Diverging History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*, which is to form a part of the promised series, and about a year after he published *The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle*, a burlesque of Sir Walter Scott's poems, then in the flush of their popularity. Large extracts from this, as from most of those of the larger works which are not to be republished in full, are given, with some account of their fate, in the volume before us. Such was his activity at this time and afterwards, during his Washington life, that for forty years, besides his more fugitive compositions, he published books at an average rate of one in every two years. In 1815 he replied, in a pamphlet entitled *The United States and England*, to an article in *The Quarterly Review* which he attributed to Southey, who, however, disclaimed it. This and others of his political writings attracted Mr. Madison's notice, who instructed the heads of the departments to inform him when any vacancy should occur worthy of the author's acceptance; and, in the same year, he was appointed secretary to a board of Navy Commissioners and went to live at Washington.

His life at Washington was to his taste. In a letter to Irving he says of his position: "It gives me leisure, respect, and independence, which last is peculiarly gratifying from its novelty. All my life I have been fettered by poverty, and my vivacity checked by the hopelessness of the future. Now my spirits are good, my prospects fair, and the treatment I receive from all around is marked with respectful attention." Henceforth, with the

* *Literary Life of James K. Paulding*. Compiled by his son, William I. Paulding. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1897.

exception of a few years during which he was navy agent for the port of New York, most of his time was passed about Washington until the end of the presidency of Martin Van Buren, whose Secretary of the Navy he had been, when, in 1841, he retired from public life and passed the remainder of his days at his country seat at Hyde Park, on the Hudson. His position at Washington brought him much in contact with eminent men, who often form the subjects of valuable sketches in his letters and other writings. Thus, of Mr. Madison, whom he accompanied on his journey home at the close of his presidency, he writes:

"If ever man rejoiced on being freed from the cares of public life, it was he. During the voyage he was as playful as a child; talked and jested with everybody on board; and reminded me of a school-boy on a long vacation."

"Mr. Madison had not, perhaps, so much genius as Mr. Jefferson, but, in my opinion, his mind was more consummate and his faculties more nicely balanced than those of his predecessor, who, though justly called the great apostle of Democracy, I think sometimes carried his doctrines to the verge of political fanaticism. In brief, I have always considered Mr. Madison as emphatically THE SAGE of his time."

Among his memoranda is the following:

"I dined with old Carroll of Carrollton, who is a little old fellow almost eighty, but active, sprightly, and intelligent in a most extraordinary degree, and almost as good a laugher as Adam Drummond. I never saw a finer old fellow, and we took to each other hugely."

Of John Randolph of Roanoke he says, among much else:

"Gravity is not wisdom, nor merriment folly. I have known one man, at least, whose jests were often equal to the wisest precepts of philosophy, and that was John Randolph of Roanoke."

"He is certainly the most extraordinary personage I have ever known, and, on the whole, the greatest orator I have ever heard. . . . He is the last man in the world into whose hands I should wish to fall in a debate, for he cuts with a two-edged sword, and makes war like his Indian ancestors, sparing neither sex nor age."

We have quoted from this portion of the book, which is but limited, with disproportionate profusion, and must content ourselves with this extract from his character of Andrew Jackson:

"He was indeed an extraordinary man; the only man I ever saw that excited my admiration to the pitch of wonder. To him knowledge seemed entirely unnecessary. He saw intuitively into everything, and reached a conclusion by a short cut while others were beating the bush for the game. His reasoning was impulsive and his impulse inspiration. . . . He never sought an object that he did not succeed in attaining; and never fought a battle that he did not win. . . . General Jackson was not only an honorable but an upright man, and equally scorned a mean as a dishonest act. Whatever he might have been in his youth, he was a pious man in his old age; and though, as Corporal Trim says, 'our armies swore terribly in Flanders,' the general had conquered the habit entirely before his death. . . . It was not the politeness of conventional habits but the courtesy of the heart, and his deportment toward his family, his guests, and his slaves was that of a patriarch of old presiding over his flocks, his herds, and his dependents."

Mr. Paulding was an enthusiastic believer in republicanism and in the destiny of our nation as the hope and refuge of the oppressed throughout the world, so his own observations of our political tendencies as seen from his position of Cabinet officer have a special value. In a letter to Washington Irving, written shortly before abandoning official life, he says:

"To a gentleman of leisure like myself, it comes rather hard to work like a horse and be abused like a pick-pocket for my pains. If things go on in this way, no gentleman will consent to govern such a pack of scandalous rogues, and blackguards only will consent to become great men."

Soon after he writes to his brother-in-law, Mr. Kemble, whose term in Congress had just expired:

"Public stations are becoming little better than pillories, in which a man is set up to be pelted with old shoes and rotten eggs, and the head of a party is either a demigod or a demon."

To the same correspondent he wrote, in 1848, what seems, when read by the light of recent events, to have been almost prophetic:

"Anybody will do for a President nowadays. The office is fast sinking into contempt and insignificance, and I think it will not be long before the incumbent will be a mere cipher. . . . In my opinion we are in great danger of being tyrannized over by legislation, and that the country will soon be governed by 'resolutions' instead of laws."

Years before, in a letter to Irving justifying his practice of writing for the newspapers, he expresses an opinion which is not without its connection with the passages we have quoted:

"Since, however, it appears inevitable that the newspapers are to give the tone to public opinion, it would seem desirable that they should be influenced, if possible, by

those who will give them a proper direction. If men of good principles keep aloof from all participation in newspapers, they will naturally fall into the hands of interested factions and unprincipled demagogues, and become sheer instruments of mischief. In no other country has the daily press such a wide influence, and I don't know what will become of us if that influence is directed by men without talent or principles."

In closing our quotations it may not be out of place to give Mr. Paulding's very happy description of Washington society:

"Everybody and everything seems to hang upon the government. There is a regular gradation from the President downward, and I believe I am the only independent man in Washington. Did you ever see a basket of crabs lifted up body and soul by taking hold of the top one? Just so it is here—take hold of the President, and you raise the whole city, one hanging at the tail of the other in a regular gradation of dependence."

We have dwelt upon that portion of the work on which Mr. William Paulding, confining himself pretty rigidly to the literary life of his father, has dwelt least. But it is impossible to give an idea of the merits of the different works described, but now fallen into unmerited oblivion, without making longer extracts than our space warrants. The more characteristic of Mr. Paulding's works will soon be given to the public in their complete form, but there are passages in the volume—passages from the second series of *Salmagundi*, *The Wise Men of Gotham*, *Koningsmarke*, and others—whose delightful humor, not without occasional touches of pathos, secures them from any disadvantage in the comparison with Irving that their subjects and treatment are sure to provoke. The works which secured the greatest popularity and by which their author will be best known were those, especially *The Dutchman's Fireside*, produced during his public life. For that part of the twenty years after his retirement in which he continued to write, his productions were chiefly of a political character and designed for newspapers and reviews; to this period, however, are to be assigned *The Puritan and his Daughter*, the most carefully prepared and the last of his published works, and some verses of which we have a few specimens. For a long time he now employed himself upon an elaborate political work, called *The Mother and Daughter*; or, *The United States and the United Kingdom*, but it was never printed.

"The characteristics of his style," says his biographer, "Mr. Irving happily touched in a letter to Brevoort, when he wrote of 'his usual stamp of originality, his vein of curious and beautiful thought, his turns of picturesque language, mingled with the faults that arise from hasty and negligent composition.' . . . Whatever his merits, they were indigenous. In particular, all the phases of American scenery and season are illustrated with a delicacy and freshness of feeling almost without a parallel. . . . The greatest charm of his writings is this unaffected loyalty to Nature which carries us back to the Spring of English Literature." And the coloring is not heightened through a son's partiality. In fact, one of the striking features of the book is the apparent apprehension of its author or editor that his filial feelings may betray him into too strong admiration of his father's writings. If he errs at all, it is as his father did, in underestimating much that is very admirable and deserving of the highest praise. We have to thank Mr. William Paulding for a very delightful book on the period in which the seeds of American literature were planted and on a man than whom, perhaps, none other did more to give it a sturdy, healthy, national development.

LIBRARY TABLE.

Black Sheep: a Novel. By Edmund Yates. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.—Mr. Yates has certainly succeeded in presenting us with a heroine who, although she is wicked and has fair hair, is decidedly original. We say she is wicked because her mode of life is unscrupulously vicious, but the passion she has suffered to extinguish her conscience and pervert her reason is love so devoted that we pity more than we condemn her.

Harriet Routh discovers, after a peculiarly hurried marriage, that her husband is a disgraced man, living on his wits, a blackleg—in short, a scoundrel with no redeeming quality; but, the first shock over, she devotes herself to his service, and prostitutes her talents to further his schemes. Their mode of life surrounds them with gamblers and profligates on whose vices and weaknesses Routh preys. George Dallas has fallen among their set, and is introduced to us, young, self-indulgent yet kindly, plastic in Routh's hands, but still faintly struggling to release himself. The story opens with his secret visit to his step-father's house, whither he has gone to make a last appeal to his mother for money to pay Routh, to whom he has lost at cards.

The description of Poynings and of Mr. Carruthers is in Mr. Yates's best manner:

"Life at Poynings had its parallel in hundreds of country houses of which it was but a type. It was essentially English in its character, in its staid respectability, in its dull decorum.

There are old French châteaux without number—visible in bygone days to travellers in the *baguettes* of diligences, and glimpses of which may still occasionally be caught from the railway—gray, square, four-pepper-box turreted old buildings, wherein life is dreary if not decorous, and sad without being staid. It is the day-dream of many an English country gentleman that his house should, in the first place, be respectable; in the second place, comfortable; in the third place, free from damp; after these successes are achieved he takes no further thought for it; within and without the dullness may be soul-harrowing, that is no affair of his. So long as his dining-room is large enough to contain the four-and-twenty guests who, on selected moonlight nights, are four times every year bidden to share his hospitality—so long as the important seigniorial dignities derivable from the possession of lodge and stable and kennel are maintained—so long as the estate devolving upon him as justice of the peace, with a scarcely defined hope of one day arriving at the position of deputy-lieutenant, is kept up, vaulting ambition keeps itself within bounds and the young English country gentleman is satisfied. More than satisfied, indeed, was Mr. Capel Carruthers in the belief that all the requirements above named were properly fulfilled.

"There are two kinds of 'squires,' to use the old English word, who exercise equal influence on the agricultural mind, though in very different ways. The one is the type which Fielding loved to draw, and which has very little altered since his time—the jocund sporting man, 'rib-poking, lass-chin-chucking, franklin, the tankard-loving, cross-country-riding, oath-using, broad-skirted, cord-breeched, white-hatted squire. The other is the lauded proprietor, magistrate, patron of the living, chairman of the board of guardians, supporter of the church and state, pattern man. Mr. Carruthers, of Poynings, belonged to the latter class. You could have told that by a glance at him on his first appearance in the morning, with his chin shaved clean, his well-brushed hair and whiskers, his scrupulously white linen, his carefully tied neckcloth, his portentous collars, his trimmed and polished nails. His very boots creaked of position and respectability, and his large white waistcoat represented unspotted virtue. Looking at him encoined behind the bright-edged Bible at early morning prayers, the servants believed in the advantages derivable from a correct life, and made an exception in their master's favor to the doom of Dives. By his own measure he meted the doings of others, and invariably arose considerably self-refreshed from the mensoration. Hodge, ploughman, consigned to the cage after a brawl with Giles, hedger, consequently upon a too liberal consumption of flat and muddy ale at The Three Horse-shoes, known generally as The Shoes, and brought up for judgment before the bench, pleading 'a moor too much' in extenuation, might count on scanty commiseration from the magistrate who never exceeded his four glasses of remarkably sound claret."

Routh has determined on getting a large sum of money out of another of his associates, a base, profligate, and extremely offensive person called Deane, about whom Mr. Yates evidently labors under the impression that he is like an American. Deane proving reluctant to part with his money, Routh murders him in order to obtain it on the night preceding George Dallas's expedition to the country. Harriet sets herself steadily to the task of trying to avert suspicion from her husband, and when poor George returns full of joy with a diamond bracelet his mother has given him and rushes to the Rouths' rooms to tell them, Harriet, in a scene which is, unfortunately, too long to extract, relentlessly tries to force him into a position which may lead to his being suspected instead of her husband. The gradual change of feeling between husband and wife after the murder is admirably natural. Her intense love, deepened by agonizing terror for his safety, and at the same time crossed by flashes of horror, becomes irksome to Routh, who is a coarse villain, and their quarrels are drawn with painful truth. At last Routh falls in love with a beautiful widow and Harriet undergoes the double torture of feeling his love slipping away from her, and knowing that if he shakes off her influence he will rush headlong to destruction. She knows that to her advice in times past he has owed his successes, such as they have been, but now he will not allow her to save him. She can only share his fate. Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge is another remarkable American, not more successful than Mr. Deane, except as affording Mr. Yates the opportunity to indulge in a peculiarly abusive style of description.

Black Sheep is vigorously written, and few writers show such marked improvement in their successive efforts as Mr. Yates does. His striking deficiency is want of humor, a deficiency of which he seems to be conscious and to have tried to supply by an occasional dreary attempt like the following bit of description, which reminds one not of Dickens but of those who imitate his mannerisms in the Christmas numbers of *All the Year Round*:

"A neat, clean-looking shop with 'Evans, Tailor' painted over the window, the effect being slightly spoiled by the knob of the roller-blind, which formed a kind of full stop in the middle of the word 'Tailor,' and divided it into two unequal portions; with 'Evans, Tailor' blazing from its brass door-plate; with 'Evans, Tailor' inscribed with many twisted flourishes on its wire blind, where it emerged coyly from 'Liveries' preceding it and took hasty refuge in uniforms at its conclusion."

Mr. Yates can but do himself discredit by such feeble efforts to be funny.

Christie's Faith. By the author of *Mattie, a Stray*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.—The style of this book, its strongly marked characters, drawn with the skill and accuracy of one who has made a remarkably minute and careful study of the dark side of human nature, and the absorbing interest of some of the scenes, seem scarcely to be indicated by its gentle and feminine title. Christie is a very good and, to a certain extent, an interesting person, but her position is rather of secondary importance, and her faith, though founded upon a laudable conviction of Teddy's ultimate regeneration, is by no means essential to the development of the plot. Although the scene is laid in what may be called low life, there is nothing broad or coarse in the book; its moral is unexceptionable, and its chief merit lies in the accurate delineation of character and the gradual working out of a rather commonplace and by no means original story, the purpose of which is to show how, under good influences and with the fostering care of conscientious and philanthropic people, juvenile delinquents may not only be reclaimed, but may eventually become worthy and honorable members of society.

There is something inexpressibly sad in the contemplation of little beings predestined to sorrow, born to an inevitable inheritance of crime and suffering. Such an one is poor little Zack, whose mother, after vainly endeavoring to obtain aid at the closed door of a London work-house, finally dies on the threshold of the great ware-

house in Upper Ground Street, leaving poor Zack to the charitable care of the watchman of that establishment. The good man takes home the child to his sister Polly, a simple-minded, good woman, who succeeds, after much trouble, in working a partial reformation in the little vagabond, who has many misgivings as to his own adaptability to an honest calling, and is strongly tempted to run away from his benefactors, to "rough it" and be his own master, and assist his father and brother to steal:

"For these people wanted him to stay, and everybody else had wanted him to go—from the shop-doors whence big errand-boys had shoved him; from the deep doorways whence the clutch of the police had dragged him; from the corners of streets and market-places: everywhere he had been very much in the way, until this 'swell place' in Upper Ground Street had first seemed too comfortable for anything save heaven, and then too embarrassing for anything like home. He hoped this funny little woman would not ask him to stay again—he was even doubtful if it would pay to stay; and he was sure he should be much happier when he was his own master! Besides, he was not certain what they wanted him to stay for! It might be 'a plant' of some kind—he had heard of people 'collaring' coves like him, and taking them off in cabs to reformatories, where they were 'whacked' into being good boys, and into saying all kinds of things on their knees. That wouldn't suit him, and he'd better make sure of matters, and depart."

Zack, however, promises to remain and try the experiment, and is beginning to feel at home with the kind and gentle Polly, when he is discovered by his brother Teddy, who is sorely tempted at first to take Zack away, but his better nature prevails and the boy is left with his benefactors. Teddy's reformation is more difficult than his brother's, but he is not proof against the perseverance of Martin Wynn, who has the sense to discern better qualities in him than in the younger, and to reclaim him from the lowest depths of sin and degradation, notwithstanding his own assertion that he was a "regular thief," that he hadn't got the pluck to keep his hands from picking up things, and that he was the "awfullest liar that ever was." Martin Wynn was, perhaps, the only man capable of understanding such a nature as Teddy's and of bringing him into the right path; at the same time, Martin, with all his good sound sense, is terribly fond of preaching, and his conversations with Mrs. Henwood are insupportably tedious. Mrs. Henwood is a very disagreeable personage, proud of her wealth and of the position which it ensures to her, heartless, conceited, and altogether unworthy of respect. She occupies a large space in the narrative, very much to its detriment. Old Fernwell, the profligate, unprincipled father of the boys, is sketched after the manner of Dickens, and displays considerable merit; without much pretension to originality, the scenes in which he figures are extremely well drawn, especially that which ends with his death. *Christie's Faith* is a book which may be read with interest and advantage, but will leave no lasting impression.

Where shall He find Her? Translated by I. D. A. Croezen & Co.: New York. 1867.—This is an interesting story, told in a simple, unaffected manner. The plot is very slight, and the characters, though distinctly marked, are by no means elaborated; they are mere sketches, outlines of persons who lived and suffered in the early days of the French Revolution, and the incidents are narrated with such apparent truthfulness and candor as to leave the impression on the mind of the reader that experience rather than imagination had suggested them. The heroine, Marie, is the daughter of the Baron de Malepire, a staunch loyalist, whose wife, Madame la Baronne, is a fine lady of the "old school," born and bred among the highest in the land, and imbued with all the ignorant prejudices which rendered the aristocracy so blind to the dangers which surrounded them. Marie is rather wearied by her mother's constant regrets and never-ending complaints about the loneliness of their country life, their want of society, the distance of their château from her beloved Paris, and the life of exile to which she is condemned, and as her own childhood has been passed among the mountains, altogether secluded from the great world, she has naturally imbibed many of the new opinions which were freely uttered by the discontented peasantry in the neighborhood. The consequence is that when the Marquis de Champeaubert arrives at Malepire to claim the hand of the baron's beautiful daughter she takes refuge in the arms of a stalwart peasant, who is utterly incapable of appreciating the sacrifice which she makes in marrying him. The treatment the poor girl experiences from the family of this man is consistent with the feelings of enmity which existed at that period toward the nobility, and the conduct of her husband shows him to have been, by nature and habit, but little removed from the level of the brute. A good curé who had once known the unhappy Marie sympathizes deeply with her, and endeavors, without success, to lead her to seek consolation in religion. Visiting the family on one occasion he witnesses the degradation to which she is obliged to submit:

"They paid no attention to her; the eldest son continued to talk of his crops and of the sale of his hogs. The other brothers Pinatel spoke in their turn, and began a discussion between themselves on the size and weight of the two animals. During this colloquy I looked at the young wife with curiosity and compassion. She was dressed, like the mother Pinatel, in a skirt of brown stuff, and a muslin cap covered her hair completely. The whiteness of her complexion was so great and so equal that one would have said that her face was marble. She stirred the fire whilst shivering in her damp clothes, and drooping her head as if she was afraid I would speak to her. Seeing this, I said nothing to her, and even avoided looking at her; but I threw in the fire several logs which I found near me, and pushed the boiling pot a little aside that she might better warm her feet. When she had warmed herself she crossed her arms and leaned against the wall, and closed her eyes like one who sleeps overcome with fatigue."

One evening on his return home the wretched girl reproached her husband for his losses at the gambling table, and in his fury he struck her. Next morning he was found in bed with his throat cut, but no trace could be discovered of his wife.

The translation of this book is exceedingly well done, all the peculiarities of the author being carefully preserved, as far as is consistent with a rendering of his true meaning, in a correct and fluent manner; to some

persons this may seem a very easy task, but the fact that we have so many imperfect translations and so few really good ones proves that there is something more needed for the work in question than a mere knowledge of both languages.

The Last Days of a King. By Maurice Hartmann. Translated from the German by M. E. Niles. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.—The king in question is Murat, and the story follows him from the time he lay in hiding at Toulon, after his deposition, until his death. Opening with the incidents of a search which are historical, it gives us next his escape to Corsica, where he is received in the house of the Ceccaldi, to which flock many of the veterans who have served under him and a large number of the warlike islanders, all ready to protect him from the forces and allies of the Bourbons while he remains in Corsica, and to follow him to Italy and re-establish him as King of Naples. The actual narrative ends with his embarkation for Italy, though from one of his attendants, who escapes, we learn the circumstances of Murat's capture and death at Pizzo. The events are stirring, and the author has availed himself to good advantage of the well-known adventures that, after his fall, befell the *ci-devant* hero. About this frame-work he has built a terribly melodramatic story, in which the first place is given to a noble Corsican girl with a passionate veneration, or love, or whatever it may be, for her father's royal guest, and who visits by night the wild haunts of the outlaws of the island to rouse them to his aid, becomes a quasi partner to an assassination in his behalf, and departs herself generally as a heroine of tragedy should. This young lady is beloved by an Egyptian fugitive who managed Murat's escape to Corsica, committed the murder just referred to, attended his master on his fatal expedition, and, on returning, in obedience to a love which, for no discoverable reason, he knows to be hopeless, he becomes the victim of another of the half-dozen murders which occur with alarming frequency. In fact, the author's aim seems to have been quite as much to depict the ferocious character of Corsican outlaws as to trace the career of Murat, for whom he affects no more admiration than he deserves—and that, could we forget his dashing gallantry in the army of the Emperor he afterwards betrayed, is just none at all. Aside from the interest of its story, the book has an historical value, and much credit is due the translator for the skill with which it has been put into an English dress.

Lectures on Natural Theology. By P. A. Chadbourne, A.M., M.D., Professor of Natural History in Williams College. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1867.—In this volume we have a series of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute in Boston, the aim of which is to demonstrate that "nature and the Bible are from the same author." The argument is made up of the proofs to be found in a scientific knowledge of nature's facts that in all the material changes to which the earth has been subject, design, not chance, ruled; that the end sought in all these changes was to prepare and finish the earth for man's residence; and that the existence of a personal Deity is written on matter itself, to be read plainly by all who will take the pains to read. In the course of the argument Dr. Chadbourne reminds us from time to time of the chief facts discovered by chemistry, geology, and cognate sciences, so that, with little labor, we have our scientific knowledge refreshed and methodized while following his argument. The lectures are not technical in style; they are well adapted to a general audience; and the unlearned and those who have only a general acquaintance with science need not fear to be wearied in reading them. He avoids successfully the cant of the *savant* and the cant of the theologian. The simplicity of style, perfection of arrangement, and fair logic of the work prove that Dr. C. has a just respect for the public in not coming before them without due preparation. After demonstrating from the "finger-marks of the Creator" found impressed upon matter the existence of a personal Deity, he shows the accord of nature's revelation with the record of the Bible. To those who would learn from a few comprehensive illustrations the harmony of the Mosaic account of the creation with geological discoveries we commend the book. Dr. C. goes farther than this and ends with the conclusion that nature's facts affirm the Christian religion; that nature and Jesus of Nazareth speak one truth.

The Poultry Book. By W. B. Tegetmeier, F.Z.S. With Pictures by Harrison Weir. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons.—"In compiling the present work," the editor says he has "aimed at producing a treatise that, in the fullness of its details and the practical character of the information imparted, should be in advance of any of its predecessors." Mr. Tegetmeier has certainly succeeded in producing a work which not only excels any we have met with on the subject, but one which must, from its comprehensive character, long remain the standard book of instruction and reference to all poultry fanciers. Every one who lives in the country should keep chickens, if only for the sake of affording constant and innocent amusement to the children. If we can add to their pleasure the solid advantages of fresh eggs, we shall be well repaid for all our trouble. Mr. Tegetmeier gives instruction of a plain and practical kind, which will enable any person to build healthful dwellings for their chickens at a moderate expense, as well as plans for poultry-yards of magnificent dimensions, fitted for those who desire to raise fowls for the market. The chapters devoted to the description of particular breeds are really exhaustive treatises by writers who have made the subject a study, practically and theoretically. English Dorkings, French fowls of horrid appearance called La Flèche, ducks, geese, and peacocks are all in turn described in a most interesting manner even to those who have no special interest in the subject, while

the illustrations are so numerous and really beautiful that the book will be acceptable on any drawing-room table.

Drops of Water from Many Fountains. By Mira E. dredge. New York: Foster & Palmer. 1867.—To pour "drops of living water" upon the sterile and barren spots of life is the object of this little volume, which is made up of desultory extracts from letters received or written by the author. The spirit of the work is simple, trustful, and encouraging to those who are seeking to lead a higher Christian life.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens. Globe edition. Illustrated. Four volumes in one. Pp. 306, 312, 306, and 314. 1867.
Homespun; or, Five-and-Twenty Years Ago. By Thomas Lackland. Pp. 346. 1867.
M. W. DODD, New York.—A Vindication of the claim of Alexander M. W. Ball, of Elizabeth, N. J., to the Authorship of the Poem, Rock Me to Sleep, Mother. By O. A. Morse. Pp. 72. 1867.
CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York.—The Public Debt of the United States. By J. S. Gibbons. Pp. 376. 1867.
SCRIBNER, WELFORD & Co., New York.—Lives of the Queens of England. By Agnes Strickland. Pp. viii. and 550. 1867. (London: Bell & Daldy.)
A. ROMAN & Co., San Francisco.—The Financial Economy of the United States. Illustrated. By John A. Ferris, A.M. Pp. 326. 1867. (New York: W. J. Widdleton.)
C. H. WEBB, New York.—The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and other Sketches. By Mark Twain. Pp. 198. 1867.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.

A. WILLIAMS & Co., Boston.—On the Collection of Revenue. By Edward Atkinson. Pp. 70. 1867.
HOWARD CHALLEN, Philadelphia.—President Reed, of Pennsylvania. By W. B. Reed. Pp. 132. 1867.
JOHN MURPHY & Co., Baltimore.—Memoir of Jared Sparks. By Brautzy Mayer. Pp. 38. 1867.
RICHARDSON & Co., New York.—Teetotalism as a Rule of Duty Unknown to the Bible and Condemned by Christian Ethics. By D. R. Thomason. With a commendatory letter by Howard Crosby, D.D. Pp. 136. 1867.
BEADLE & Co., New York.—Our New States and Territories. By A. D. Richardson. Pp. 80. 1867.
Also, Epochs of Transition: an Oration. By Noah Hunt Schenck, D.D. No Treason. By Lysander Spooner.
We have received current issues of the following magazines and periodicals: Beadle's Monthly, The Herald of Health, American Educational Monthly, Rebellion Record, and The Eclectic Magazine—New York; The Home Monthly—Nashville; The Sunday-School Teacher—Chicago; The High Private's Monthly—St. Louis.

LITERARIANA.

OUR colleges cannot much longer escape the necessity of making some of the sweeping reforms which are being urged upon them. On some of those which are needed a thoughtful article appeared in a late, we believe the April number of *The Atlantic*, having especial reference to the course of study in Harvard. In a recent pamphlet in defence of liberal education against Dr. Bigelow, Prof. Bowen, of that college, admits a deterioration in classical scholarship within the last thirty years. "At that period,"—thirty years ago—he says, "the quantity of Latin and Greek studied by undergraduates was at least one-third more than what is now required of them. That this amount was not, in one sense, so well studied then as now—that is, that the student did not acquire so much minute philological information—may be readily admitted. But in the ability, at the time of graduation, to read and enjoy the Latin and Greek authors, he was considerably in advance, as I believe, of our recent graduates. He had command of a larger vocabulary, had profited by more experience in disentangling difficult constructions, had stored his memory with a larger number of pithy phrases, gnomic sentences, and scraps of verses, and had been less injured by the indiscriminate use of translations. Classical learning seems to me to have steadily declined in this country of late years, in respect both to the number of its votaries and to its estimation with the public at large, just in proportion as its professors and teachers have diminished the time and effort bestowed on reading the classics, in order to enforce more minute attention to the mysteries of Greek and accentuation and the metaphysics of the subjunctive mood." Changes in the course of study must doubtless soon be made, and the question is only as to the power of conservatively sluggish faculties to defer them. Meanwhile another radical reform is likely to be urged in such a manner that it must have a hearing. Harvard and the Michigan Universities are both appealed to to admit women students. At Cambridge it seems to two ladies, who have been denied admission everywhere else in New England, presented themselves some time ago with a demand for admission to the medical school. For some time they were held at bay by the judicious use of red tape, but the corporation was at length forced to reply, which it did through President Hill, who said "that there is no provision for the education of women in any department of this university. Neither the corporation nor the faculty wish to express any opinion as to the right or expediency of the medical education of women, but simply to state the fact that in our school no provision for that purpose has been made, or is at present contemplated." At Ann Arbor—which seems to differ from most of our colleges in laboring for utility rather than adherence to precedent—the question was entertained more frankly. The governor of Michigan, it seems, has advocated in one of his messages the admission of women, urging that, as three-fourths of the teachers in the state are women, and as mothers after all are the principal instructors of their children, women should have all possible facilities for pursuing the higher branches of study. The state Legislature also

"Resolved, That it is the deliberate opinion of this Legislature that the high objects for which the University of Michigan was organized will never be fully attained until women are admitted to all its rights and privileges."
Accordingly the board of regents have appointed a committee to investigate the matter and report upon it.

Now, while we have expressed our opinion that, so far from there being any possible tenable objection to affording women all facilities in the higher branches of education, there is every consideration of expediency and duty in favor of so doing, we cannot think it wise that the reform shall be effected in the manner proposed. Schools and colleges, the fac-similes of those for men, ought by all means to be provided for women as speedily as may be. Large institutions, like Harvard, Yale, the University of Michigan, of Virginia, and others, might properly make distinct provision for female students. But to educate in common men and women of the age of college students would be injudicious in the extreme, and we do not believe that women of the better classes—excluding, of course, the fanatical and strong-minded—desire anything of the kind, or would have anything to do with it. It is natural that conservative, easy-going faculties, who know pretty well what their students are, should regard such propositions with alarm and horror, and associate the whole thing with the piebald assemblage at Oberlin. But the only way in which they can escape it is by providing some means of satisfying the very reasonable demand of women for collegiate education.

THE TRUE PEACE.

(FROM THE SPANISH OF MELENDEZ VALDES.)

For peace all mortals pray;
In seeking this, all groan, and toll, and smart;
Their arts are thrown away;
For still do not depart
The anxious cares which bind the struggling heart.

For peace of spirit, which
Is true, in glittering gold can ne'er be found,
Nor in great granaries rich,
Nor in the echoing sound
Of warlike trump whose voice makes tears abound;

But only in the pure
Conscience, which equally from hopes and fears
Sublimely rests secure,
Nor breathes forth eager prayers
For wealth increased or fortune's favoring airs;

But with itself content,
In life's unenvied, pleasant middle ways,
And on its duty bent,
In God alone still lays
Its trust, and, each day, yields him frequent praise.

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

GEORGETOWN, D. C.

TO CROCUSES.

I.
Fair flowers, ye make my heart rejoice
That ye once more appear,
And smile a joyous prophecy
That balmy days are near:
Ye bring
Sweet messages of spring,
Which ye,
Young heralds bright, impart
By looks, more eloquent than voice,
That speak unto the heart.

II.
I grieve that ye, rash flowers, so soon
Must fade away from earth,
Foretell her joy, but not remain
Till its completed birth:
But yet,
Your short stay why regret?
In vain
Ye have not met my view:
And when Spring brings her richest boon,
I'll think, with joy, of you.

MR. HENRY C. CAREY has been goaded by a rather brutal newspaper attack into advancing proofs not hitherto set forth that Frederic Bastiat's *Harmonies Economiques* was largely plagiarized from his own *Principles of Social Science*. "Between his [Bastiat's] literary executors and myself," says Mr. Carey, "there was a very friendly correspondence, commenced by them with a full and entire admission of my priority of claim to the ideas upon which the *Harmonies Economiques* were based." He then quotes from an elaborate review which appeared in the *Biblioteca dell' Economista* when the *Harmonies* was first published in Turin, and which Mr. Carey has had the forbearance to keep in his possession untranslated for fifteen years. Says the reviewer:

"It remains now only to examine the question of priority that, between Carey and Bastiat, has been raised. The documents hereto annexed (embracing the entire published correspondence) speak for themselves. To us it seems, notwithstanding the letter of M. Paillottet, that the right is wholly with the American economist, there being between the theory, the facts, the arguments, and even the figures of the *Harmonies* of the one and the *Principles* of the other an entire and perfect coincidence. . . . A coincidence so remarkable would certainly have daunted me, and I cannot now conceal the fact, that that to which I have been indebted for the courage required for giving strong expression to my own opinion has been, that I have throughout felt warranted in saying to myself, 'these two books are only one.'"—Ferrara, *Biblioteca dell' Economista*, vol. xii., p. 124.

PASSING from a great matter to a little one, we come to what ought to be the last word—it is certainly a pretty conclusive one—in a squabble of which everybody is thoroughly tired. It is in the form of a handsome bound volume in which one Mr. O. A. Morse has taken the trouble to arrange *A Vindication of the Claim of Alexander M. W. Ball . . . to the Authorship of the Poem, Rock me to Sleep, Mother*. The poem, as we have said before, though plaintive and pretty, is by no means worth the hard feeling that it has caused, and the scandalous claim which has been made in very positive terms by either Mr. Ball or Mrs. Akers—not to mention a dozen or so obscure claimants. That Mr. Ball wrote the poem, and wrote it too in 1856, which is four years before the date on which Mrs. Akers says she wrote it, the proofs submitted in the volume before us seem to leave no room for doubt. We have no desire to go into the matter in greater detail than to say that Mr. Morse has four distinct arguments for Mr. Ball's authorship, three of which seem irrefutable, and especially one in which are produced six letters from different people to whom Mr. Ball read the poem at different times, but all before the date named by Mrs. Akers as that in which she wrote it. If there were such a crime as plagiarism we think no dispassionate person after reading Mr. Morse's, in some

respects unwise, book could doubt that the lady was guilty of it. But since Mr. Charles Reade, large portions of whose novel were identical with two previously published stories, repels the charge of plagiarism with virtuous indignation, we are quite prepared to see the same thing done by a poet whose verses are a repetition of only one predecessor.

MR. EDWARD A. SAMUELS, who has charge of the zoological department of the Massachusetts State Cabinet, has prepared a work on the *Ornithology and Oology of New England*, "containing"—we quote from his title-page—"full and accurate descriptions of the birds of New England and adjoining states and provinces, arranged by the latest and most approved classification and nomenclature; together with a complete history of their habits, times of arrival and departure, their distribution, food, song, time of breeding, and a careful and accurate description of their nests and eggs; with illustrations of many species of the birds, and accurate figures of their eggs." From the pages before us we imagine that the author has succeeded admirably in producing a work adapted both to the naturalist and the general reader. For the benefit of the former an ample technical description is given in small type, to which there succeeds a narration of the habits of the bird and the author's observations which the unscientific reader will peruse with interest. The book—which fills over five hundred pages, is well printed, and contains, beside numerous small woodcuts, some thirty full-page plates which will be colored or uncolored in accordance with the price of the editions—will be published by subscription by Messrs. Nichols & Noyes.

SONG.

It's hey! for balmy leaves again
And honey-laden hours;
For cooling shades and rippling rills,
And birds, and bees, and flowers!

The apple-trees are blossoming;
The hills and vales are green,
And butterflies, like flakes of gold,
Along the roads are seen.

A deeper blue is in the sky;
No living thing is still,
And building birds are here and there,
A straw in every bill.

No idle one but me to-day;
Yet here would I recline,
And dream the hours away, and sip
The sunlight's fragrant wine;

And call white winter but the ghost
Of some fair summer dead—
A ghost that walked a cheerless night,
And on the morrow fled!

GEORGE COOPER.

MR. CHARLES H. SWEETSER, who is pretty thoroughly acquainted with Minnesota and the Northwest, is preparing for publication in season for summer tourists a guide book for that region with full details of routes, cost, stopping places, etc.

COL. J. S. MOSBY loses no time in repudiating the wretched book, *Mosby and his Men*, by Mr. J. Marshall Crawford, of which we recently spoke in such terms as we thought it deserved, and which *The Warrenton* (Va.) *Index*, by Col. Mosby's request, says, "is unworthy of credit and contains about as much truth as *The Arabian Nights Entertainments* or *Gulliver's Travels*,"—an expression which Col. Mosby, in a letter to the author, slightly modifies.

DR. T. W. PARSONS' translation of the *Inferno* is to be issued this month. Prof. Longfellow's *Inferno* has already appeared, and his *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* will follow this month and next.

PROF. P. A. CHADBOURNE, formerly of Williams College, but recently made president of the agricultural college at Amherst, Mass., is seriously ill at Williamstown. *The Springfield Republican* adds, "He is not likely, under the most fortunate turn of his disease, which is of the lungs, to be able to discharge the duties of his new and important office for some months to come."

M. PHILARETE CHASLES continues in *The Athenaeum* his disquisitions on Shakespeare's Sonnets. We cannot pretend to reproduce here the substance of them further than to say that M. Chasles has demolished to his own satisfaction eleven of what he is pleased to consider Mr. Gerald Massey's "shadows," and that he has likewise made it clear to himself—

"1st. That the sole begetter and, in an æsthetic sense, the sole creator of the Sonnets is Southampton.
"2d. That Southampton is the only person to whom Shakespeare promised immortality.
"3d. That the sonnets are dedicated by W. H. to Southampton."

"4th. That W. H., who calls himself Mr., cannot be a nobleman.
"5th. That W. H. cannot be Pembroke, who only bore the name of Herbert in his youth, and to whom Shakespeare had not promised immortality.
"6th. That since Sidney, Spenser, Wyatt have published, or allowed a friend to publish, amatory poems compromising enough—since the Earl of Pembroke, while he was chamberlain, published very licentious poems without scandalizing anybody—Shakespeare may well have allowed a friend or a relation (probably William Hathaway) to publish a very jumbled collection of fugitive pieces, some serious, others light—the seventeen first addressed to a young man of seventeen who does not choose to marry, two or three being evidently dedications or offerings to Southampton, many relating to certain private incidents, loves, treacheries, or jealousies—the latter too earnest, too dramatic, too personal, too painful to allow one to suppose that they do not spring from the heart or that they have been written by Shakespeare for another."

THE SPENSER SOCIETY, which is an outgrowth of the Early English Text Society, has just been established for the purpose of reprinting in choice style, and in editions limited to two hundred copies, the rarer poetical literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, though prose is not absolutely inadmissible. Among the earliest promised reprints are the works of John Heywood, some pieces by John Taylor, and some rare tracts by Robert Green.

MR. GEORGE RAWLINSON is about to publish the fourth and concluding volume of his *Five Ancient Eastern Monarchies*.

GEN. GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI, it is stated on we know not what authority, "has commenced a three-volume novel, with priests for its principal characters, and Rome for the scene of action. He is also engaged on a history of his public life."

M. NICOLAS BATJAN has just published an *Histoire de l'Empereur Napoléon Ier*; Surnommé, *Le Grand*.

M. GUSTAVE DORE, the indefatigable, is to illustrate an English version of La Fontaine's Fables, to be published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Correspondents of Notes and Queries are reminded that no communications to THE ROUND TABLE will be read by the Editors if they are not authenticated by the writer's signature.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The line,

"Consistency, thou art a jewel,"

is the finale of the refrain to an old-fashioned satirical song published in a miscellany of bacchanalian and political ditties in the old country about the commencement of the last century.

I have often heard it sung at Lord Chesterfield's rent-dinner by one of the jolly old farmers present.

All I can call to mind of it is the conclusion of this refrain, which ran:

"Then let it pass, upright'st a nright.
Honesty, thou'rt a diamond bright.
Consistency, thou art a jewel."

I am, sir, respectfully yours,

FRANK J. JERVIS,

DAVENPORT, IOWA, April 10, 1867.

Editor of *The True Radical*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Many people besides your "Subscriber" at Chicago seem to be exercised in mind respecting the origin of the saying, "Consistency, thou art a jewel." I have had the question asked of me many times within the last three months. I never remember seeing the line credited to any individual author, and I do not think it has any. I believe it to be one of those phrases which grow into literature by popular use, like "Go ahead!" "Such is life," etc. If anybody can give special information on the subject, Charles G. Leland must be the man. He has more odds and ends of curious information packed away in his well-furnished head than any person I know of.

Since enquiry is the order of the day, allow me to ask if you know from whence or what came the saying, "Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley," etc. It has been in use for at least thirty years, but nobody seems to know who Sir Hubert Stanley was. The phrase is introduced in a charming extravaganza which appeared in THE ROUND TABLE last New Year's.

ANNA B—.

PHILADELPHIA, April 8, 1867.

Our correspondent misquotes; but so do most people who use the quotation. It properly reads, "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed," and occurs towards the end of Morton's comedy of *Speed the Plough*. In the epilogue to a play of later date the exigencies of verse compelled the author, who wished to quote Morton, to write, "Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley," etc. Hence the frequency of the misquotation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: This curious epitaph is in Lavenham churchyard, England:

"Quod fuit esse, quod est, quod non fuit esse, quod esse,
Esse quod est, non esse, quod est, non est, erit esse. 1694."
Dr. Parr used to say he knew what it meant, but did not explain it. Is there a Latinist in this country who can expound the riddle?

A. W. M.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In your issue of March 23 "W. H. F." requests information concerning the origin of the oft-quoted line, "Poeta nascitur, non fit." Quintilian is the author, and it is from *De Institutione Oratoris*, although its precise location has escaped my memory.

Respectfully,

TYRO.

BOSTON, March 29, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Can you or any of your subscribers inform me of the title of the old story of *The Frenchman and the Rats* (or where I may obtain the same) ending with—

"And when zey shall come to pay ze score
Zey shall quit your house and navare come no more!"

A SUBSCRIBER.

NEW YORK, April 25, 1867.

The title, we believe, is as it is given by our correspondent. The verses are to be found among those in the—by courtesy—humorous department of a "Speaker" whose name we are happy to have forgotten.

THE ROUND TABLE.

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AN OFFERING OF SYMPATHY TO THE AFFLICTED,
OUR FATHER'S BUSINESS,
THE NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL,
AMENDMENTS TO THE INTERNATIONAL REVENUE
LAWS, TRUE PROTESTANT RITUALISM.

LITERARIANA.

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The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad Companies expect to extend connecting links of road to Omaha during the next year, so that four Trunk Railroads from the East will soon greatly contribute to the business of this Road, and the Central Pacific, being constructed with great energy from California to meet this Great National Railroad across the Continent in 1870, ensure for it all the business, both passenger and freight, it can possibly accommodate. The interest on these Bonds being payable in gold, and the issue so small per mile, there can be no question as to their safety, and the Company has no hesitation in recommending them to the public. Arrangements are being made with the National Banks generally throughout the country for the accommodation of investors in these Bonds.

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